F O R U M

and Century

DECEMBER, 1935 VOL. XCIV, NO. 6

New Deal in Fiction

Editorial Foreword

THE FORUM has borrowed a new lamp from Diogenes and is swinging it about in the hope of finding better and braver types of American short stories. Stories that are short are still being written, it is true. Every year a group of them is culled and crowded into a volume dedicated to O. Henry, a collection most of which would cause that master of the vital American yarn to yawn, were he to read them. Every year that eminent critic of the short story, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, makes his selection from the available material, but more and more the stories in magazines and collections seem to lack plot and evidence of an ability to handle the more normal themes of human experience; and they become mere character sketches, analyses of subnormal behavior, or exhibitions of eccentric style.

EPISODE VERSUS PLOT

CURRENT SHORT-story writing also suffers from the lazy popularity of the "episode." A generation ago, the French naturalists took their cue from the butcher-shop window and gave us slices of life instead of the whole human animal. Some of these slices were very raw indeed. They revealed intestinal and excremental cross sections of conduct, rather than the fine co-ordination of heart and brain. Since the beginning of the World War, young American writers, whipped into realism by our critics, have been treating us to the thin skin of life with the raw side rather often outermost. The War supplied fiction with a new wealth of gruesome material. For peaceful consumption, the psychoanalysts presented us with the subconscious and threw their spotlight on morbid behavior. Lurid themes are too often the resort of lazy writing, for it takes more skill to make normal experience dramatic than it does to analyze abnormality. American writers have gone on using the sordid material on which French readers were satiated a generation ago.

The fault in the slice-of-sausage way of short-story writing is not always in the theme but often in the superficial treatment. The story is all middle; it has no beginning and no end. Its episodic hit-and-run creates a longing for an old-fashioned yarn with plot and meaning. Life is portrayed unimaginatively in close-up sections, without relation to the whole.

The psychologists have already reformed. For example, graduates of behaviorism have developed the Gestalt school, which admits that human behavior is not the result of very simple stimuli but the effect of a complicated interweaving of causes. The human psyche must be observed in its whole as well as in its parts. Science must call on art, and imagination supplement exact record.

In our short-story writing we need also a return to fervent imagination to supply wings to meticulous observation. That may mean a new romanticism but not necessarily. There is a wealth of homespun material for realistic writing that looks at life whole and treats nor-

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mal living imaginatively. The great themes of American life have been scarcely touched by our writers of fiction. Vast resources of fresh material await the pioneering and the vision of a new generation of authors.

Perhaps one of our present masters of the short story will lead the way from rotting flesh to green pastures. It is time, for already there are signs that public taste has been sated with the realism of the candid camera and will presently demand a more creative art.

But the leadership might better be seized by new hands and pens, directed by minds free from the tradition of despair. Never, perhaps, has the republic of letters been riper for revolt.

Every decade sees the rise and fall of great and near-great names in fiction, names which glow warmly at first from the orange or green covers of the monthly magazines and later shine with a brighter, colder light from the white space around the pictures of pretty girls, in their more popular contemporaries.

The newcomer must usually be prepared to serve an anonymous and unrewarded novitiate and suffer many rebuffs. His chief consolation may come from the realization that luck will be less a factor of success in his field than it would be in almost any other. For, if he finally wins a substantial acceptance, it will most often be a recognition of the fact that he really has something to say, something which he could hardly have left unsaid.

Fresh Approach

The difficulty, in recent years, has been that so few new writers have discovered, or risked, a fresh approach. The art of the short story has never before been so narrowly circumscribed, so definitely patterned, as it appears to be at the moment. Editors and publishers have undoubtedly contributed an excess of conservatism, which has made them reluctant to change theme or style, even when they, as well as their readers, sensed the need for change; and restricted space allowances have imposed a higher than normal premium on the names and presumable followings of the established authors.

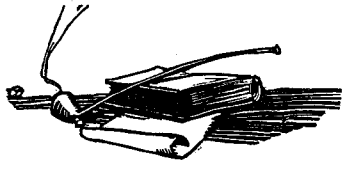
It would be an excellent thing for a new generation of unimitative writers to arise in such numbers that they could maintain a higher competitive standard and force editors and public to abandon the familiar idea that any name, however great, can be a guarantee of a good story. With the emphasis shifted again to the story itself, an inspiriting variety and freedom could be brought to American letters. And, with the way opened to a more generous recognition of new writers, the art of telling a story would be less likely to lapse into a rigid formula.

This magazine is proud of its hospitality to new writers. It has published a great many stories from authors whose work had never before been printed. Some of its most successful fiction, its most brilliant and original stories have come from such writers. Not all have been beginners in the full sense, for on one occasion The Forum carried a "first short story" contributed by a village postmaster who had devoted twenty years to patient craftsmanship in plot and characterization, before his name was printed.

Few would have the courage and persistence to equal his record; but many excellent stories have been written by people whose lives are spent chiefly in fields far removed from the professional writing of fiction. To such men and women, stirred by the consciousness of a story to tell, willing to subject themselves to the self-discipline which creative writing almost inevitably entails, The Forum pledges a fair and sympathetic reading. They may be assured that our readers will not be prejudiced by the fact that their names are not familiar ones; on the contrary, we confess to a special bias in favor of new writers.

We particularly urge on such writers the wisdom of giving free rein to their individualities and their natural styles. We shall never, we hope, publish a story merely because it is "different." But we do wish to give every encouragement to genuine originality. And if there is courage, hope, and humor left in the equipment of our writers, let them give it to us.

Henry Goddard Leach



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Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

The Right to Die

To the Editor:

While I was positively glad to hear that Charlotte Perkins Gilman ["The Right to Die — I," November Forum] could go to her final sleep quietly and avoid the hideous suffering which otherwise seemed to be in store for her, while I fully shared her horror of the usual disgusting departure from this mortal coil, while the story of her determination not to bungle her self-withdrawal is a stimulating story of a dauntless personality, her general proposition with respect to euthanasia is not as simple to me as it apparently was to her.

I do not believe that the poor exist to inculcate a spirit of charity among the rich, as I have heard parsons maintain. I do not believe that the care of criminals or the insane necessarily nourishes emotions of sympathy, leading to gentleness on the part of guardians. I appreciate the right to her own death which Charlotte Gilman proclaimed as an idea and I regard it even as an attractive theory. It has always seemed to me a very practical scheme of things for a primitive society to rid itself of its weak. And yet, having seen, with my own eyes, a little child of the Orient exposed to die in the street, I became sharply sensitive to the possible effects on a society which so readily disposes of its weak. Even if such disposal were taken care of more expeditiously and gracefully, if it occurred on a wholesale scale, would not the scientific knowledge, which is capable of preventing weakness by tackling it at its source, lag or disappear? And what of the capacity for love, without which the impulse to scientific knowledge might fade away? Surely it is in the setting of modern humanitarianism that medical skill and mental healing thrive and add their force to the force of economic analysis of human woe and tragedy. . . .

Mary R. Beard

New Milford, Conn.

To the Editor:

If there were to be a referendum on the question of a human being's right to end his own life, I should vote without reservation on the affirmative side. Perchance there has been too much argument, and the time is ripe for an earnest effort to crystallize our thoughts in definite legal enactments on euthanasia. My hope is that the exhaustive argument of Charlotte Perkins Gilman and the definite and courageous conclusion she reached in her own case may spur us on to action. No greater memorial could be built to her than a body of law dealing with the questions that absorbed her thoughts at the end of her life.

Harriet Stanton Blatch

Nyack, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I am a sufferer from an incurable disease, so that you may be prepared to allow for a certain amount of bias.

It seems to me that Mrs. Gilman deliberately minimized the main point of discussion on this issue. What is an incurable disease? Obviously, one that cannot be cured. But the incurable diseases of a generation ago are among the curable diseases of today. It is quite possible, in view of the past successes of science, that millions now suffering from an incurable disease will never die from that disease. For tomorrow some seeker after the unknown may hit upon just the remedy for that disease. Some ten years ago my physician told me I had six months to live.

I for one do not question anyone's right to take his own life. But, when it comes to a sound (mentally and physically) person advocating euthanasia, it seems too much like rationalizing a wish, and the high-sounding arguments seems to be an attempt to divert the responsibility for the deed to the potential victim. . . .

I can perhaps be blamed with many sins, both of commission and omission, but until now I was unaware that merely wanting to live is also a sin. The only difference between this and an ordinary sin is that, instead of being pointed out by sanctimonious old maids, it is shown to us by the intelligentsia. . . .

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If this argument were carried to its logical conclusion, the merely mediocre would also have to be killed off. . . .

Another point Mrs. Gilman did not stress is the disparity of opinion among psychiatrists on the subject of insanity. . . .

NORAH GALLOWAY
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I am no advocate of suicide, which I regard, ordinarily, as a cowardly act, but it certainly was justified in Mrs. Gilman's case. The normal operation of her mind could have led to no other conclusion.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT
New Rochelle, N. Y.

NEUTRALITY—HOW?

To the Editor:

. . . As one of the world's foremost authorities on international affairs, it is pleasant to know that his [Henry L. Stimson's: see "The Illusion of Neutrality," November FORUM] views are much the same as those I have held for many years and frequently expressed.

I am a lover of peace but in order to get it I am convinced that the methods advocated by Mr. Stimson must be used.

E. M. HOUSE
New York, N. Y.

ECONOMICS IN THE CHURCH

To the Editor:

The debate, "Spiritual vs. Social Gospel," between Arthur M. Hyde and Bishop Francis J. McConnell in the November FORUM is important and timely. . . .

A warless world is a desirable goal, and every effort should be made to attain it. But we will not secure peace by pledging ourselves never to take up arms even in defense of our own nation. . . .

The Bishop asks: "Can any set of Big Business leaders possibly do worse than those in control — say, in the last week of February, 1933?" Admitting there is much to be criticized in the methods of some business leaders, yet the assets and investments of the majority of our business houses and institutions are in much better condition than the investment of many billions of dollars which our government made in obligations of foreign nations from which little or nothing will be realized. Government bonds at present are above par not because of confidence in the soundness of the investments made by our nation in foreign debts or in Boulder Dam but because of the knowledge that there are millions of "rugged individualists" who have been thrifty enough to accumulate taxable resources which insure the payment of any government obligation. . . .

We believe in the brotherhood of man and realize the responsibility of the Church in the improvement of the social order. However, the Church has a different function, in the approach to and solution of this problem, from that of political parties or economic blocs. . . . The Church is the sole organization whose duty it is to care for the spiritual welfare of mankind. . . .

CHARLES O. LOUCKS
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

So far as I am able to judge in this debate, my sympathy is entirely with Bishop McConnell, and I think that he has the better of the argument.

No interpretation of the Christian Gospel is complete which fails to deal with those conditions which thwart the spiritual development of the human race. The sole purpose, as I understand it, of that evangel is to lift human nature to a higher level and to invest it with greater dignity and importance. . . .

S. PARKES CADMAN
Minister
Central Congregational Church
Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor:

As Secretary of the Conference of Methodist Laymen, I can assure Bishop McConnell that, instead of worrying about the "smallness" of the original group, which represented much wider fields than he implies, he may well ponder the national approval that has been given to its formation and the many evidences sent us of the need for renewed emphasis upon the spiritual message to the individual as a prerequisite for the proper "social climate" he refers to. These answers come from a wide range of Church membership, and I am sorry to have to shock the Bishop by saying that ministers are well represented, even though he tells us that "they do not exist." . . .

Many people resent what has appeared to them to be a definite attempt to use the Church and particularly its impressionable younger members as an instrument of propaganda for these "isms," and are greatly cheered by the hope that this may not be so easily carried on hereafter. They are determined to see that the liberals do not have such a free and unchallenged hand in seeking to divert the Church to political purposes by the use of half-truths, visionary theories, innuendo, sarcasm, unfair implications, unproved generalizations, and cocksureness, evidences of some of which seem to me to be present in Bishop McConnell's article. Surely the times are too critical for the Church to be a party to the spread of economic ideas many of which are un-American and tend to create class feeling and to weaken the national attack upon the depression and to delay a speedy return of economic sufficiency for all. At least her leaders should be the last to criticize laymen just because they ask for more spiritual emphasis and less economic instruction from the pulpit and press. The monopoly of this attitude should be left to such an admittedly radical, undenominational paper as *The Christian Century*, with its sneer, "Methodist Money Speaks," and its condemnation (before it knows) of the spirit and motives of the founders and members of this conference. This laymen's conference is an evidence of the spirit of Christ working in the hearts of men. . . .

WILBUR HELM
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

While Bishop McConnell sufficiently deals with the argument presented by Mr. Hyde, it may be as well to look behind that argument to what — from the standpoint of religion — is the real trouble with the laymen who think as Mr. Hyde thinks. Their real trouble — mind you, I am speaking on the basis of religion, not economics or politics or anything else of that sort — their real trouble is that they do not have a God worth knowing or that can actually be known. God can be known only in the social process, because that is where He works. The attempt to focus worship on something outside that process is an attempt to make worship proceed in a vacuum. This may be what laymen who desire the perpetuation of the *status quo* really want; it is certainly what has already taken the meaning out of much worship.

PAUL HUTCHINSON
Managing Editor
The Christian Century
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

. . . Living in a world in which we must contend for justice as at least an approximation of love (whatever our hopes of an ultimate paradise of pure love may be), I do not like to see a group of more or less privileged laymen, who did not call any of the unemployed into their conference, use the "spiritual" aspect of the religion of Jesus as a way of escaping the urgent demands for justice made today by Methodists and other parsons in the name of the Christian religion. I think some of these parsons have too simple an interpretation of the

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Sermon on the Mount, but their hearts are in the right place. I am proud that there is so much social rebellion in the Church and glad that there are churches in America in which the rich feel uncomfortable.

R. NIEBUHR
Union Theological Seminary
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . It would seem the good Bishop is mighty lame in refuting the argument of the Governor and at the same time tremendously weak in establishing the doctrine of the so-called social gospel.

The situation remains with most of us, concerning the alleged social gospel, that there "ain't no such animal."

CHARLES W. BIBB
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor:

Congratulations to Bishop McConnell for that fine job of tanning a Hyde. . . .

E. D. SNYDER
Omaha, Neb.

To the Editor:

May a Methodist layman (nonemployer, noncapitalist, nonmilitarist) say a word about the debate? . . . Bishop McConnell at one point accuses Mr. Hyde of "using the same hollow terms that are so familiar from laymen of his type." Paraphrasing that, I think it might be said that Bishop McConnell's entire article is a collection of the "same hollow terms that are so familiar" from liberals. A typical example is . . . Dr. McConnell's assertion that "it is not Marx and Lenin who preach an absolute state." To defend the complete and pitiless regimentation of the Soviet state by saying that Marxism is *theoretically* quite the opposite is the sheerest casuistry. The socialists themselves have a phrase for that sort of reasoning: they call it "pie in the sky." . . .

GEORGE WEISS, JR.
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . Mr. Arthur M. Hyde makes a rather wild statement in regard to preachers using their sermons as a means for conducting propaganda in behalf of socialism and communism. Several years ago, in preparation for the publication of a volume dealing with the content of contemporary preaching, I read over six thousand modern American sermons. . . In the light of these studies I can say with a high degree of assurance that I have yet to find a single discourse advocating either socialism or communism. Mr. Hyde speaks of these propagandists as professing "a broad humanitarianism, a deep sympathy for the distressed, and a lofty purpose of creating a better and nobler social order." My only explanation for the wide discrepancy between the facts as I have found them and Mr. Hyde's sweeping accusations is that he regards any "broad humanitarianism" and "deep sympathy for the distressed" as incontrovertible evidence that the possessor of these characteristics is either a socialist or a communist. . . .

LEWIS H. CHRISMAN
Buckhannon, W. Va.

A DEFENSE

To the Editor:

. . . It may be as well . . . to point out to you certain factual errors in the section of Professor [Ralph M.] Pearson's article ["The Failure of the Art Critics"; November FORUM] that concerns me as a critic.

1. It is not true that prior to becoming a professional art critic I was a "general reporter" covering "the financial district."

2. I did not say that Rivera has "no mural feeling." My remarks on that score, in the paragraph quoted, had reference specifically and exclusively to the Rivera murals at the New Workers School.

3. I have never said that I prefer "Sert's sentimental romanticism of subject to Rivera's stark and cruel realities."

4. With respect to my alleged "approval" of Barnard's sculpture, I suggest that Professor Pearson read my criticism on the art page of the New York Times, April 25, 1935.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL
Art Editor
New York Times
New York, N. Y.

SHE LIKES IT

To the Editor:

Enclosed $1 for 6 months beginning November. No matter what the cost, I was going to take it for Mary Colum's articles, which I consider the best critical writing now published in America.

NATHALIE COLBY
New York, N. Y.

MEN AND WOMEN

To the Editor:

The debate between the relative ability of man and woman [see "Sex and Achievement," by Margaret Mead; November FORUM] springs eternal. . . .

. . . Woman seems to have forgotten the glory of her opportunity. Man does not whine or cry because he is limited and restrained. It doesn't much matter to him whether or not he can bear children and fulfill household duties. . . .

Not so the woman; for a mess of pottage she has abrogated her God-given prerogatives. A "fashionable operation" relieves her of her unwanted child, and she deludes herself into thinking that she has risen superior to her environment when she abandons the home with its unlimited possibilities and substitutes a typewriter or keeping in order, more or less, a filing cabinet. . . .

The woman is governed by immutable laws. In attempting to set them aside, she has caused incalculable harm. Most (of course not all) women are an intrusion in the orderly procession of commercial life. Untrained, unfitted, full of tradition, prejudices, and inhibitions, she is the fool who rushes in where wise men fear to tread. . . .

It is not too much to say that the unemployment and the debauched society of today is directly attributable to the vain selfishness of the woman who has abandoned the field of her true activity to dabble in that of which she knows nothing and for which she really cares less. . . .

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL
New York, N. Y.

CO-OPERATION IN FINLAND

To the Editor:

. . . I consider Mr. [Bertram B.] Fowler's article ["The Democratic Way to Prosperity"; October FORUM] an excellent one. I have been making a special study of co-operation during the past summer in Finland and think Mr. Fowler has stated the Finnish method admirably. . . .

AGNES ROTHERY PRATT
University, Va.

PERSECUTION

To the Editor:

. . . I appreciate . . . the article on Mexico ["Mexico Persecutes the Church"] written for the October issue of THE FORUM Magazine by the Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

. . . Remember that for the third time in the past twenty years we received within our gates the bishops, priests, nuns, and other innumerable victims of the fury which is devasting our neighboring republic, all driven out as "pernicious citizens," on account of their fidelity to the religion of their fathers. And all these years the government keeps on shouting from the housetops to the press and the whole civilized world: "There is no religious persecution in Mexico." . . .

ARTHUR J. DROSSAERTS
Archbishop of San Antonio
San Antonio, Tex.

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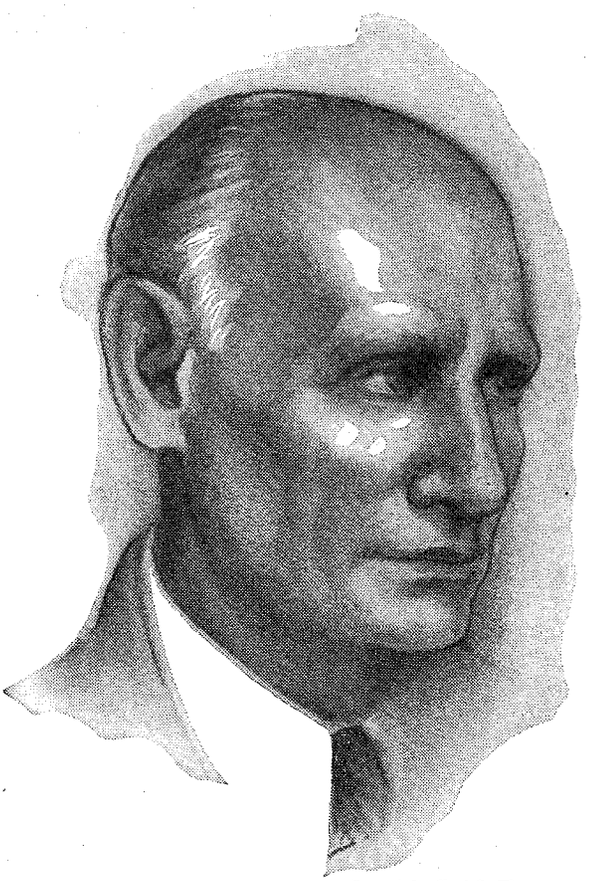
America Plays with Fire

What Italy Thinks of Sanctions

by BARON POMPEO ALOISI

Chief League of Nations Delegate for Italy



Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Baron Aloisi

By an unaccustomed mode of procedure, and acting at high speed, the League of Nations has launched the first installment of "sanctions" against Italy.

This solemn and majestic word, "sanctions," was first introduced into the legal phraseology of the nations by ancient Rome. Applied in the international field and in concrete shape, it affects world-wide interests and may lead to consequences of incalculable gravity.

Let us study sanctions from this point of view and see in what they consist and what effects they are likely to have.

It is evident that economic sanctions must always interfere with the natural course of trade currents as determined by geography, history, and natural conditions; for it is obvious that the economic boycott of a country runs counter to the natural course of events. Trade relations correspond to needs arising from the satisfaction of essential requirements. To interrupt such relations with any given country means bringing to a standstill a wheel in the machinery of international exchanges, and, as we all know, the stoppage of a single wheel is enough to ruin a whole machine.

But the injury thus inflicted is not distributed equally over all countries. If it were, it would be possible to restore some degree of equilibrium between them, as happens when a limb is amputated from the human body and circulation is resumed on new lines. In such cases the whole organism suffers a severe shock; but just imagine what would happen if an attempt were made to interrupt communications between a central organ of the human body and the other organs, to interrupt the reciprocal exchanges arising from different functions. "The operation was successful," a surgeon once said, "but the patient died." . . .

Briefly speaking, the economic boycott of Italy will affect some countries more and others less, both quantitatively and qualitatively. Any interruption of trade with Italy will be harmful to big exporters, but, when such exports represent a major portion of a country's economic activity, the injury may be a fatal one. For this reason a large number of countries who lightheartedly voted sanctions against Italy is now re-examining the situation, pencil

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in hand, and the first reservations are being made.

The whole question is one of practical common sense. The American people — who are noted for the prudence with which they always estimate the realities of life which control the daily bread of all — have not failed to realize that sanctions are political measures applied to the economic situation in the hopes of using it as the means of dealing a mortal blow. But in this case the victim will be world trade. The unequal economic losses which these sanctions will inflict on the several countries will entail on some a loss of ten and on others of a thousand, and they will enlarge and multiply existing disparities. On her side, Italy will not passively await sanctions; she will purchase goods wherever she can find them.

There are great countries outside the League which have proclaimed their neutrality; others — Austria, Hungary, Albania — have from the start voted against sanctions. Others again — Switzerland and Argentina — have subsequently made ample reservations as to their application. Probably others will limit the boycott to certain classes of goods. What then will be the upshot of it all? World trade currents will be diverted. Commercial dealings heretofore nonexistent will grow up between these countries and Italy; arising out of a crying need, these dealings will be adjusted and stabilized, to the loss of the other countries who see fit to carry out the sanctions. Thus a great change will be effected during a period of severe crisis, which may lead to unforseen results.

II

League sanctions may be new, but the blockade and the boycott are as old as man himself. They were tried out in the last war, as we all remember. Germany stood out against them for years, tightening her belt, making sacrifices, sharpening her inventive faculties. What may we not expect of the highly disciplined Italian people, united, enthusiastic, and obedient to the least wish of their leader! Hospitable America has had the opportunity of acquainting herself with the resourcefulness, enterprise, frugal habits, and tenacity of Italians. The blockade of the Central Powers was effective because it was an act of war. The "peaceful blockade" now under discussion offers many more loopholes of escape. What then?

When sanctions cease — and Geneva has failed to consider that sanctions cannot be prolonged indefinitely without causing trouble of a most serious kind the world over — we shall be offered the following spectacle: The Italian market, lost to the countries which have strictly carried out the sanctions, will have been conquered by others; international trade relations will have been envenomed by suspicions and fears, by clandestine traffic, and by violence of all kinds. Some countries will have lost a large part of their trade; whenever possible, Italy will have been forced to manufacture products which she previously imported but which she will import no more. And here the matter will end, if sanctions cause no greater trouble.

For it is easy to prate of sanctions, but it is quite another matter to try and force through their narrow straits the grave problems of the day. Let me mention one of them.

The United States is a world power; her interests extend to all continents; the Stars and Stripes floats over all seas. Americans therefore understand more readily than do many other nations the tragic results which may arise from enforcing sanctions. Either they will not be given effect, and then the whole business will be a sorry comedy; or, if they are enforced, a system of control will have to be set up. Who will exercise that control? How? To what extent? Each of these queries represents an uncertainty fraught with the gravest dangers.

And, if the point be reached when ships are visited at sea and cargoes are verified at the time of loading and unloading, what then? To what abuses may not such procedure lend itself? What rivalries may not influence the action taken under the pretext thus afforded?

I will remind you — but you have doubtless thought of it yourselves — of the conflict which may arise out of the enforcement of two principles, that of the freedom of the seas, old as the love of liberty and the spirit of work which inspires us all, and that of these "sanctions" which it is now proposed to apply for the first time, although this dangerous remedy was deliberately discarded on other well-known occasions. You can easily imagine the results which the enforcement of sanctions may have in the other fields of international relations.

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No one can seriously credit the possibility of carrying out some of the grotesque sanctions loudly demanded by those pacifists who have devoted a lifetime — more or less profitably — to the cause of disarmament and in opposing military expenditure. While secluded in their studies, far removed from the stress and strife of life and far from the echoes of reality, they have elaborated subtle measures for ensuring peace, and they are now engaged in pushing casks full of explosives down the slippery slope of sanctions. . . . I do not think, for instance, that postal communications with Italy will be cut off, and that governments will pledge themselves not to allow mail addressed to or coming from Italy to cross their territory. I refuse to believe it. But this and other episodes, deplorable or ridiculous, show how little humanity there is in some of these humanitarian partisans of sanctions against war.

To what extremities may not sanctions, even if carried out by responsible statesmen, lead when they are egged on by pacifists of this description, wittily described by an Italian journalist as "incendiary firemen"?

III

So far I have refrained from referring to the conditions under which the Genevan sanctions evolved, as I wish you to estimate their consequences apart from all such considerations. It seems to me neither advisable not dignified to dwell on the means used and on the pressure placed on reluctant delegates — and there were many such — to induce them to vote for sanctions. But as every American is a born judge, with an instinctive sense of legality and above all with a good measure of horse sense, I will add a few words on the strange procedure followed.

On September 4, the Italian Government submitted to the Council of the League a fully documented memorandum on Abyssinia's position as regards the pledges her government had given to the League and those it had given to Italy. This memorandum, which has made a deep impression on all who read it, shows the backward, immoral, chaotic conditions prevailing in that country. It also shows the patient and generous behavior of Italy during all these years in which she has vainly hoped for peaceful co-operation with Abyssinia for the good of all concerned.

No valid and substantiated denials of the facts set forth in this memorandum, which was no mere indictment but an act of justice, have been made. The Committee of Five looked it over carelessly but formulated no conclusions. It came to no conclusions because it was unwilling to confess that Italy was in the right. Although it had before it the hundred fifty pages of documentary evidence which we reprinted, the photographs we submitted, the books we had collected (mainly from foreign sources, so that their impartiality should be above suspicion), yet the Committee based its report almost exclusively on the single phrase pronounced by the delegate of Ethiopia; and, when events to which the memorandum called attention made it necessary for Italy to have recourse to military action, we were told that our memorandum was out-of-date. . . .

Italy has been condemned at Geneva without a hearing. Each of the member states has her own laws and her own legal system, and not one of them would consent to introduce the summary procedure used at Geneva into her own courts.

A few years ago, war broke out in the Far East, and Shanghai was in flames. Yet the procedure of the League dragged on for seventeen months before a report, which was accepted under Article XV of the Covenant, decided who was the aggressor. When the armies of Bolivia and Paraguay were fighting in the Chaco, the inquiry made by the League lasted two years. On the present occasion, sanctions were agreed to within a month. Procedure under the provisions of the Covenant opened early in September; on October 7 the principle of applying sanctions had already been agreed on.

Why this unaccustomed haste, this race for sanctions, this discrimination in treatment?

The purpose was to place Italy before the *fait accompli*. The stages of the procedure were rushed; Italy was not allowed to prepare her defense by a calm perusal of the tests on which the Council was to base a verdict which may have such unforseen consequences. It almost looks as though Italy was to be punished for sins committed prior to the case at issue.

IV

Yet Italy had always stood up at Geneva for the cause of justice and inter-

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national co-operation; her whole endeavor has been to secure not only the success of the League but the peace of the world.

For fifteen years Italy has worked with the League; to secure the peace of Europe she undertook the responsibilities laid on her by the Locarno Treaty. At the cost of heavy sacrifices she has made her contribution towards the recovery of countries crushed by the burden of defeat; she has co-operated in the efforts to secure disarmament. At the request of the League she presided over the work of conciliation and justice carried out in connection with the Saar Plebiscite, which then seemed so fraught with dangerous possibilities. Italy's record is in keeping with the whole tradition of her civilization, with her sense of fair play, and with her spiritual serenity.

I would also remind my American readers that Italy signed the Kellogg Pact. I have no difficulty in referring to this matter, for we have broken none of the engagements we then took. That pact, drafted with wise realism by an eminent American statesman, explicitly states that each country has the right to wage war in legitimate self-defense and that, above all, countries have the right to judge whether the circumstances of a case are such as to demand recourse to such a measure of legitimate defense. Moreover, the United States Senate, when acting on the Kellogg Pact, stated in so many words that the exercise of the right of defense often entails action beyond the territorial boundaries of the country exercising it.

Nor is it out of place to recall — in no carping spirit but for the purpose of more fully enlightening American public opinion — that Great Britain, when signing the Kellogg Pact, made the following reservation:

> Ils existent dans le monde certaines régions dont la prospérité et l'intégrité sont d'un intérêt particulier et vital pour notre Pays et notre sécurité. Le Gouvernement de S.M. a pris grand soin d'établir nettement, dans le passé, qu'aucune intervention concernant ces régions ne saurait être tolérée. La protection de ces régions contre toute attaque constitue pour l'Empire Britannique une mesure de légitime défense. Il doit être clairement établi que le dit traité ne porte aucun préjudice a sa liberté d'action en cette matière.*

I have referred to the way in which sanctions have been agreed to at Geneva in recent weeks. The hasty and premature procedure followed cannot but react on the validity of the decisions taken. Should sanctions develop on drastic lines, as England seems to wish — although in 1925 Chamberlain, speaking on behalf of the British Government, objected altogether to sanctions on the ground that they might lead to the most formidable of wars — it will become ever more obvious that they were vitiated by the atmosphere of factitious excitement and palpable injustice in which they were conceived.

How will these sanctions be decanted from the Geneva level to the national level? How will the several governments enforce them? Many countries will have to introduce rules laid down in Geneva into their national laws. Around each point of each sanction will rage debates in the parliament, in the press, and in public opinion. Electoral considerations, economic interests, morbid phenomena of mob psychology will be aroused, exasperated, multiplied by these sanctions, which will be a poison working in the system of all concerned. These are considerations which should not be neglected.

V

I AM TOO WELL acquainted with the intelligence and balanced judgment of American readers to make an appeal to sentiment in this brief article. Nevertheless, allow me to point out the moral aspect of the great injustice now being planned to the injury of the Italian people.

An effort is being made to starve and impoverish those people because they are compelled by the inexorable and basic necessities of existence to seek beyond their own frontiers for breathing space where they may live and work. The task of the League should have been that of facilitating the satisfaction of these needs, so as to ensure real peace, based not on uncompromising ideologies but on fair play and justice. Let me here repeat what I had the honor of stating a short while back on a historic occasion at Geneva:

> War cannot be suppressed; it can be replaced;

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *There are in the world certain regions whose prosperity and integrity are of special and essential interest to our country and our security. His Majesty's Government has taken great care, in the past, to let it be known that any interference touching these regions could not be tolerated. The defense of these regions against all aggression constitutes for the British Empire a measure of legitimate protection. It must be plainly set forth that the said treaty is not detrimental to its freedom of action in this matter.*

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> and it must be replaced, because history does not come to a standstill. . . . To talk of eliminating conflicts is mere verbiage. True statesmanship consists in removing the causes of war.

The League of Nations, an ambitious but often an empty and ineffective structure, has not done this. If the League now seems desirous of going forward, if it now wishes to weigh on the balance, and if it threatens, it is because an extraneous will and extraneous interest are now using it as their mouthpiece.

Judge for yourselves! On the one hand: a feudal African country where many races live in subjection; where slavery is a recognized custom; where the white man is looked on with suspicion and hatred; where nothing is done to utilize latent natural resources and no one is allowed to make them available; where life is now what it was centuries ago; where the lands colonized by Europeans are looked upon not as examples to be followed but as booty to be looted. On the other hand: Italy, who has lavished on the world treasures of art, science, law, beauty, goodness; who for centuries has held aloft the torch of civilization; who can point to a great history dating back thousands of years; who sends her sons out into the world to toil honestly; who has now eagerly mastered the hard lessons of self-discipline and tenacious determination. Judge for yourselves!

Sanctions loom threateningly on the horizon. Under present world conditions they may easily spell war; they will certainly spell troubles, convulsions, dangers. The Italian people are waiting quietly, for they know that responsibilities are being gradually defined.

This is the message I wished to convey, plainly and truthfully, to the American people. Not long ago the Columbia Broadcasting Company invited me to explain from Geneva to the listeners in the United States the Italian point of view and the reasons justifying Italy's stand. It was with keen satisfaction that I accepted the invitation. And I had the pleasure of addressing American listeners from the Rome broadcasting station. And now I have the satisfaction of writing this article for American readers. A people cannot be gagged; history cannot be falsified; world evolution cannot be stopped.

Italy appeals with confidence to the sense of justice and to the desire for truth of the American people — a people which rebels against all attempts at intimidation.

The Right to Die

A Debate

I—Legalize Euthanasia!

***by* ABR. L. WOLBARST**

THE QUESTION as usually submitted limits the discussion of legal euthanasia to those "incurables whose physical suffering is unbearable to themselves." That limitation is rather unfortunate, because the number of incurables within this category is actually and relatively extremely small. Very few incurables have or express the wish to die. However great their physical suffering may be, the will to live, the desire for life, is such an overwhelming force that pain and suffering become bearable and they prefer to live. Nevertheless, there are those who earnestly wish to end their suffering through death, and their plight deserves the most serious consideration.

Life, however, is a precious thing, even to

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those to whom life is just suffering. The craving for life is instinctive; the smallest creature will resort to every means within its power to preserve its life. In the human, this desire is more than an instinct. In it are bound up all of man's hopes, his ambitions, his loves. Even the human derelict clings to life tenaciously. Despite his miserable existence, despite cold and hunger, filth and disease, he still wants to live and will fight desperately for his life. Life is as precious to him as to the man blessed with all that the world can give.

We must remember, of course, that even the lowliest among us has the inalienable right to live. But it is equally true that the fact of his being a burden to himself and of no use to anyone else may, in the larger sense, invalidate that right. The right of human society to protect itself and its members against deterioration and ultimate destruction transcends individual rights and justifies sterilization of the mentally unfit; it may justifiably go even so far, in certain circumstances, as painlessly to remove those unfortunates who are doomed to constitute a useless burden to themselves and to society.

To be sure, the problem is not a simple one, for who is there among us so wise and farseeing that he can assume the responsibility for ending the life of another human? Those of us who have lived long enough and have seen enough of disease know that certain individuals possess an exceptional degree of vitality and occasionally recover from injuries and disease which would kill others. Even the sufferer from advanced cancer, which we recognize as incurable, now and then confounds his medical attendants by outliving them or by dying from some intercurrent accident or disease. Who, then, can say definitely and positively that this or that condition is absolutely incurable? Who knows but that a cure may be discovered tomorrow? Doctors are only human beings, with few if any supermen among them. They make honest mistakes, like other men, because of the limitations of the human mind. They might conceivably agree on legal euthanasia in a certain case, only to find, on autopsy, that they had made a wrong diagnosis. I mention these matters because of the difficulty involved in the decision as to incurability, though it must be admitted that errors in that direction are exceedingly rare.

II

Notwithstanding these doubtful aspects of euthanasia, I am strongly in favor of it in certain well-defined circumstances, especially for those whose sufferings are unbearable to themselves. We consider it an act of mercy to end the suffering of our dumb animals; is it not equally merciful to end the suffering of a human being? Should he be allowed to suffer merely because he happens to be human?

There are times in the experience of every physician when patients beg for an ending of their agony. Tired and exhausted from long-continued pain, cognizant of the hopelessness of their condition, recognizing the helplessness of those about them, death would be a welcome relief. Like the euthanasia of Sorrel in Deeping's novel, it certainly would be an act of supreme mercy to end such useless struggling by giving the sufferer a lethal narcotic dose. Death would be certain, quick, and painless. The individual would become drowsy, then unconscious and would finally pass into that eternal sleep in which there is no pain or suffering. Such a deed I should consider humane.

Today, however, the law does not permit that humane act to be carried out, nor do the ethics of the medical profession. If it became known that a doctor, touched by the suffering of his patient, deliberately hastened the end to relieve him of his agony, that doctor soon would find himself behind prison bars, charged with murder. He might make a good defense, of course, and an intelligent jury might acquit him, but there is no certainty of that. Within the past few years, several so-called mercy slayers have called public attention to this subject by reason of their trials before the bar of justice.

If legal euthanasia has a humane and merciful motivation, it seems to me the entire question should be considered from a broad angle. There are times when euthanasia is strongly indicated as an act of mercy even though the subject's suffering is not "unbearable to himself," as in the case of an imbecile.

A recent noteworthy instance is that of the sixty-two-year-old woman who, only last spring was convicted, in England, of the murder of her imbecile son. For thirty years she had nursed him and then, when she re-

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quired a serious surgical operation and feared there would be no one to care for him if the operation proved fatal, she gave him an overdose of a narcotic, from which he died. That was a humane and merciful act, if ever there was one; yet the jury convicted her of murder, with a recommendation to mercy which the judge, with the usual legalistic mind, utterly ignored. Fortunately the Home Office intervened, and she was given a full pardon. But, if the Home Office had acted with its usual indifference to appeals in capital cases, this poor woman would have been put to death because of her merciful act.

III

THE QUESTION of legal euthanasia is most often brought up in connection with the mentally defective and the insane. The State of New York alone spends about thirty million dollars each year for the care of these incurables. One may well ask what useful or humane purpose is served by keeping these unfortunates alive for many years. Undoubtedly the only point involved in keeping them alive is their legal right to live, with which is associated the faint hope that some of them may get well. The records show that very few get well and still fewer stay well.

It goes without saying that, in recently developed cases with a possibility of cure, euthanasia should not even be considered; but when insane or defective people have suffered mental incapacity and tortures of the mind for many years — forty-three years in a case of my personal knowledge — euthanasia certainly has a proper field. The law might establish a limit of, say, ten years in which there is a chance of the patient's recovery; but, when that limit has been passed and recovery becomes out of the question, there is no further purpose in maintaining a burdensome life any longer. Under present laws, however, one must commit actual murder to earn the privilege of being put to death by the State. It cannot be denied that it were far better for all concerned if these incurables, determined as such by the crucible of time, could be aided in passing from their earthly miseries.

Apart from the effect on the incurables themselves, in liberating them from their vegetative existence and tortured mentalities, it would certainly be a great relief to relatives and friends to know that the unfortunates were through with life and in eternal rest and peace. It has often seemed, in my contact with these incurable cases, that parents and children usually suffer even more than the victims themselves. These people must be considered, too. Their years are spent under a shadow of misfortune — years in which "every day is a year, a year whose days are long." Theirs is the real tragedy. They are the real victims. And, to them, the death of the sick one comes as a grateful release. Innumerable men and women, entire families, in fact, have lived through year after year of silent suffering, the depths of which no outsider has even suspected, their lives and careers shattered because of the pall which has hung over them and which death alone could remove. Would it not be an act of mercy and of wisdom to save such useful lives to society through the painless, legal ending of one useless life? To me, there is but one answer.

For my own part, I should insist upon euthanasia if ever I found myself incurably afflicted, helpless, suffering pain and torture endlessly and uselessly, and a burden to those about me. A painless death would be far preferable to painful lingering which eventually must end the same way. I should consider my voluntary passing the greatest manifestation of my affection for those near and dear to me.

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II — Life Is Sacred

by **JAMES J. WALSH**

THE QUESTION with which Dr. Wolbarst opens this discussion is whether those "incurables whose physical suffering is unbearable to themselves" should not, if they request it, be legally put to painless death, thus saving suffering not only for the victims but for those around them. I thoroughly agree with him that, if the question be strictly limited to the consideration of patients who come under this formula, there will be very few indeed to take advantage of any relief afforded by the State in the matter and that they would be sufferers not from physical agony but from mental anguish.

Some years ago I was brought rather closely in contact with the patients in Mother Alphonsa Hawthorne Lathrop's cancer homes. As a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the "rose of all the Hawthornes" looked for an occupation for her New England conscience when she had lost her husband and child. She found the most pitiable group of people that can be imagined. They were the impoverished victims of incurable cancer, in New York City. Ordinary hospitals did not want to take them, forty years ago and more, because, after all, hospitals are for the ailing who can be successfully treated, not for the incurable — and these people were in such absolute poverty that they could find shelter nowhere. She provided it for them.

There were just two conditions for reception into Mother Alphonsa's home: first, you must have what the doctors declared to be incurable cancer; second, you must be utterly without resources. If you had any money, you could secure aid elsewhere, but, if you had exhausted your pecuniary resources and still had weeks or months to pass before cancer would terminate your life, Mother Alphonsa would find a place for you until the end and then see that you were buried under decent circumstances.

You might think that, under these circumstances, many of the patients would feel they would be better off dead, but I never heard one of them express any such wish. I know, too, that Mother Alphonsa had very rarely heard it — and then only from individuals who had been suffering very severe pain and had not yet pulled themselves together, plucked up courage to face their ordeal, and gathered the resistance that would enable them to bear suffering.

On the other hand, I have often heard neurotic patients wish that they might be taken out of existence because they could no longer bear up under the pain that they were suffering. As a matter of fact, they were suffering not physical but mental pain. They were overcome mainly by self-pity. Above all, they were sympathy seekers and they wanted to produce the impression on those around them that no one had ever suffered quite so much as they. Of physical pain there was almost no trace, but they were hysterically ready, so they claimed, to welcome death as a relief from their intolerable condition. They had a number of long adjectives that they liked to use.

Many of them reminded me of that old-time fable of Aesop's with regard to death and the old man. It must be very familiar to most readers, but I think it deserves to be repeated. It was a bitter-cold day in the wintertime, and an old man was gathering broken branches in the forest to make a fire at home. The branches were covered with ice, many of them were frozen and had to be pulled apart, and his discomfort was intense. Finally the poor old fellow became so thoroughly wrought up by his suffering that he called loudly upon death to come. To his surprise, Death came at once and asked what he wanted. Very hastily the old

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man replied, "Oh, nothing; nothing except to help me carry this bundle of sticks home so that I may make a fire."

II

Our incurable cancer cases, facing suffering and inevitable death, almost never want to have their lives shortened; those who do have large neurotic elements in their cases. Almost without exception, cancer patients are like misers, wanting to have every moment of life that they can in the world and thoroughly content to bear even the severe pain that comes to them, provided only that there are intervals that provide some letting up of their agony. You might expect the atmosphere of a home for incurable cancer patients, doomed to die in the course of the next six months, to be gloomy and depressed, but that is not the experience of those who have been in contact with them, under reasonably favorable circumstances. The patients stand their pain and offer it up. That is to say, they know that there were times in their life, moments of weakness, when they allowed themselves to be overcome by evil in one form or another. They recognize that they deserve some punishment for these slips from grace and they become persuaded that their pain may represent that punishment; so, with a motive for standing it, they complain little during pain intervals — various anodynes helping them to secure relief from acute agony. At times they may be quite happy and, indeed, they are often willing to joke and laugh.

Suffering is one of the great mysteries of life, and we do not know the meaning of it. Many people have insisted that, because of the presence of suffering and evil in the world, there cannot be a beneficent Creator; but see what suffering has done for men. The man who has himself suffered is sympathetic toward others and has a rounded-out, human character that makes him what Francis Bacon would call a "full man."

The five greatest dramatic poems that were ever written are concerned with the problem of suffering and of evil in the world. They were written over a period of twenty-five hundred and perhaps even four thousand years before our time. According to the law of progress and evolution, the poem written last should surely be the greatest and enable men to understand and withstand suffering better than any other. But just the opposite is true: the first of these great dramatic poems has the most meaning for our time. *Job*, Aeschylus' *Prometheus*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso*, with Goethe's *Faust* in the nineteenth century, bring home to us the mystery of evil and of suffering. When we have finished with them the mystery is as great as ever. The subject has made our greatest poets strike the highest notes of human sympathy. If suffering had done nothing else, that alone might be sufficient to justify human misery.

III

Life is a mystery. It is one of the seven riddles of the universe. With matter, motion, law, sensation, consciousness, and free will, it constitutes an historic septenate of mystery. Life was given to us as a precious treasure to be used to the best advantage. It is the Creator's gift, not to be thrown back into the Giver's face until He asks for it.

To leave God out of the reckoning and to deny the existence of the Creator is, in the present state of scientific knowledge and its attitude toward the spiritual world, to stultify one's intelligence and to refuse to follow our human reason and logic to its legitimate conclusion. Surely all this great universe around us did not come by accident and did not set itself in order by chance. To take one's own life is to violate that order. To take it because of pain and suffering which one is exaggerating is the act of a coward and has always been so proclaimed by men. It is not pain but the yielding to self-pity that brings men and women to the point where they take their own lives. There are heroic men and women who face death and suffering calmly and who are made heroes by the suffering to which they are subjected. This is the real answer to the question of legal euthanasia.

If a patient with an incurable and painful disease begged me to do something to end his agony, my immediate response would be very much the same as if a young unmarried woman who was pregnant should ask me to help her avoid the disgrace of giving birth to a child, by producing an abortion. Life is too mysteriously significant to be at the mercy of even its owner, much less one who has a special duty with regard to it.

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What Is Love?

Is It What We See in the Movies?

by **CLEMENCE DANE**

WHAT IS LOVE?

Tell me who asks the question, and I will tell you how to answer it.

Thousands of years ago the young Greek girl, Antigone, went out to bury the brother whose body had been refused a grave, though she knew the shameful penalty. What was that but a deed of love?

And today girls in Germany hold to their Jewish lovers, risking penalties as dreadful. What prompts them? Love.

When a mother plunges into a burning house to save her child, what is it but love?

When a soldier dies for his country or a saint for his religion, he is expressing love.

When Cleopatra died with Antony and Juliet with Romeo, was it not a death of love?

And when Florence Nightingale gave up love and marriage in order to devote her life to the sick, what drove her but yet another kind of love?

Love of God, love of man, love of art, love of husband and wife, love of lovers, love of children — all these loves are universal and eternal. They are no delusion. Whether they are the love which is sex or the love which is independent of sex, one and all they are based on reality.

But there is another love, a sentimental love based on sex; but sex bowdlerized. This love is based on idealism, but it is chocolate-box idealism. It fosters the belief that a woman's happiness depends on her beauty and that a man's main worth is his physique. He can be a millionaire or a scallawag; he can be brutal or tender; he may be blameless as a lily or, better

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still, have a past on which you could toast muffins; but always he must be virile and the possessor of charm.

This love wants all lovers to be happy and expects fate to intervene and rearrange their sex life if they are unsuccessfully mated. This love is sentimentally sure that love in a kitchenette is the best of all loves but nevertheless insists that all lovers must have manicured hands and well-cut rags. This love, indeed, is based on the ideals of the beauty shop. It is our old friend the penny novelette reappearing as the very newest delusion of the West.

Love as we meet it in the films, in the magazines, in the press, and to a certain extent in modern fiction is a synthetic emotion which is rapidly debauching popular taste. The Elizabethans went to the play of *Antony and Cleopatra;* the moderns see *Cleopatra* in the films. Compare the two versions of an immortal love story, and I think you will agree that one has a right to call love, as the moderns like it, a sentimental delusion.

And it is a delusion from which we do not appear able to escape. "You cannot have too much of a good thing," says the proverb. But I think that the proverb lies. Love may be a good thing, but we are certainly having too much of it nowadays, at any rate in the West of the world. And by the West I mean those white man's continents which lie east of the Pacific Ocean and west of the Caspian Sea.

The Sugaring Process

The East, of course, lollops along in its immemorial way. No doubt it takes its own interest in love, but at least the echoes of that interest are few and faint in Anglo-American ears. Our publishers give us the novels of Lady Murasaki, a few volumes of poems, and *Lady Precious Stream*. For further inside information concerning the love affairs of the East we have to depend upon the imaginings of occidental novelists, and even these do not always foster the popular Anglo-American delusion that "love makes the world go round." And, when such a novelist as Pearl Buck turns from her own lovely imaginings to translate a Chinese classic, she chooses one which concerns itself entirely with the adventures of medieval gangsters!

Nor is the delusion fostered by the classic oriental authority, Scheherazade of the *Arabian Nights*. Her lovers fall down in dead faints at an unkind word, but they recover with extreme rapidity. A prince in a jealous fit may beat his wife nearly to death; or a young lady may cut off her lover's great toe because he forgot to wash his hands before he kissed her; but the sufferers are expected to take it all in fun. For love is a joke, according to Scheherazade. But then the Sultana had seen several dozen fellow wives executed and was herself expecting a similar divorce from her loving husband. Naturally she would be amused when boys and girls assured her that love lasted forever; for it is always amusing to watch someone else sitting down confidently upon a chair that isn't there.

I think if you had put to her — "What about Romeo and Juliet?" she would have answered that those two died to prove love the most important thing in the world, because they dared not live to prove it. I am sure she would have answered thus, because she herself relates the story of an oriental Romeo and Juliet who did dare.

Prince Camaralzaman loved the Princess of China. They were parted. They suffered. At last they were reunited and "lived happily ever after"! It was a favorite story of my childhood for it had all the charm of *Romeo and Juliet* without the tragedy. It was years before I discovered that a sentimental editor had cut out the revolting end of the story. We were not allowed to find out just how those lovers were disillusioned.

For that editor was a Victorian, and the Victorians hated to admit that love could ever be a merely physical passion. That wasn't at all a nice idea, except in an Elizabethan play — and then it was a classic and didn't matter. Or the ruined heroine could take Goldsmith's advice, and then it didn't matter either:

> When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds too late, that men betray. . . .

Do you remember that charming, brutal little song?

> The only art her guilt to cover
> To hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover,
> And wring his bosom, is — to die.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were always very kind to dead lovers and singularly merciless to living ones.

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Now that sentimental attitude survives today in the world of the film. The film censor is a Victorian censor, and the film lovers are as sentimental as Dickens lovers.

The world of modern fiction handles its love story rather differently. Leading novelists have reacted strongly against the romantic attitude of love, and the hack writers have delightedly followed the new fashion. Their job is always to exploit the sexual sentimentality of the masses, and the new craze for plain speaking simplifies their job. They have only to tell the same old sugar-sweet story upside down, deal in divorce instead of wedding rings, substitute bad language for baby talk, and thrill over the physical vices instead of the physical virtues.

The new method has been extraordinarily successful because, of course, the book market caters for a more intelligent public than the public of the films. It is a public which does dimly realize that love is not just a wreath of forget-me-nots which you can wear all day, put in the water jug at night, and take out "all a blowing and a growing" next morning.

This discovery, which is a good deal older than the tomb of Tutankhamen, has revolutionized modern fiction, and the love story as a consequence has acquired a gangster swagger. It devotes itself to what one can call only sex slumming. It exchanges the happy ending for promiscuous but luscious disaster and becomes more popular than ever in fact as well as fiction. What are the woes of Abyssinia to the love affairs of Public Enemy Number One? Like ribbon building or measles or the fruit stain on your dress which you mistakenly try to rub out with benzine, the love story spreads and spreads and spreads.

Mercurial Individualists

I AM STILL speaking, of course, of the commercial love story, the factory article. For artists are never much affected by these changes in fashion. They continue, as they have always done, to write what they must. They write hoping that the public will like their work. They become abusive when the public doesn't. Nevertheless, they continue to write as they choose and not as the public chooses.

And here's a funny thing and a cheering thing. In spite of all commercial theories as to what the public wants, the much exploited public still occasionally startles the factories by discovering and liking the work of an artist. What prompts these occasional outbursts of independent thinking on the public's part has never been explained; though the theater manager and the publisher have always recognized and respected its independence. "It's word of mouth that sells a play," says your manager. And your publisher, when you reproach him for underadvertising, serves you up the same bit of wisdom: "Books are sold over the dinner table." It's not true, of course, nine times out of ten. But it is true that the public, so often content to be a flock of sheep, does occasionally awaken to the fact that it is also a god, Caliban's god, free to

> Let twenty go and choose the twenty-first,
> Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.

In the mood, the public will abandon its illiterate texts, doll faces, and Dago heroes to applaud the genius of a Charlie Chaplin, the fantasy of a Walt Disney, the unique beauty of a Greta Garbo, or the eccentric flair of a Charles Laughton. Unreliable, unimaginative, resenting above all things being asked to think, the public will gaily see twenty good plays die when it is not in the mood for poetry, for irony, or the hearing of uncomfortable truths. Then suddenly it will choose the twenty-first — give passionate appreciation to Boughton's *Immortal Hour* or the *Hamlet* of John Gielgud or the McClintic production of *Romeo and Juliet*, will read and reread with unfeigned delight Charles Morgan's masterpiece, *The Fountain*, or Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

From these strange opposing facts we may draw, I think, the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon is still the most individual of all living creatures but is today suffering from a bad attack of influenza.

In the past we thought for ourselves. The English overthrew a king or two, engineered and repented a revolution, and out of their own obstinate individuals and eccentrics wrought a national history and a national character. The English in America did the same when they found their individuality threatened by their parent stock. They would not stand it. They would be individuals or die. They rebelled and became the American nation.

Today, as I see it, standardization is threatening this special Anglo-American capacity for remaining individual within a group, in-

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fecting it with the influenza of mass emotion. The craze for sentimentalized sex in the film and in the novel simply means that the Anglo-Saxon peoples are beginning to think as mobs instead of as individuals. Like all mobs, whether of men or sheep, they obey a loud voice: and the loud-speaker of publicity is today telling them that they want love stories.

"Do we?" says the public wearily. "All right! If you say so. Get on with it then!"

And commerce gets on with it. The films provide an infinite series of stories concerning handsome young men and beautiful young women. The radio croons love songs, the bookstalls provide stories, sweet or sordid according to taste but always stories about love. And, when fiction fails, then the movie magazines give you facts about the private loves of the unfortunate people who spend their hard working days in an endeavor to give the public what it wants. Thus, since the public has a golden pocket as well as a heart of gold, love is made to pay.

And, after all, where's the harm? If people like sentimental stories why shouldn't they have them? What's wrong with soothing sirup? What is all the fuss about anyway?

The Drug

The fuss is about the fact that the sentimental love story pretends to tell you about love and does nothing of the kind. It misleads you. It bemuses you. It makes it harder for you to know true love when you see it. For it would have you believe that love is a pleasant and easy sentimental adventure. It never warns you that love is the most powerful and overwhelming of the human emotions, an emotion which spends men and women recklessly in order to preserve the life of a race. Love is dynamite. But the modern sentimental love story deludes its public into thinking that love is a soothing sirup, a mild and harmless drug.

And the modern commercial love story is, of course, a drug, though I don't know so much about a harmless one. Opium gives pleasant dreams, they say, and so does hashish, but the aftereffects are not pleasant. The drug taker does not end up brighter in his wits, a stronger, more energetic, more vital human being than he was before. And the habitual patron of the cheap love story and the cheap film does not, unless he is a very exceptional person, have his sympathies enlarged, his morale strengthened, his knowledge of life, men, and women, his power to know real love when he sees it increased by his daily indulgence in an agreeable sentimental orgy.

Boys and girls sit at the cinema, munching candy and holding hands as they watch these screen lovers. Why shouldn't they? Youth has a sweet tooth. If youth today dreams of Blue Angels and Tarzans and Queen Christinas as its forefathers dreamed of Lancelot or Juliet or the Faraway Princess, no lover of art or common sense will object.

But everybody has a right furiously to object when such young people are persuaded that the beautiful star and her charming partner are leading upon the screen precisely the life which they lead off it, especially when it is further suggested to the boy and girl that to this life they also have a right.

Nobody can deny that the modern policy of the films is to focus the audience's interest on the actor and actress themselves rather than on the representation. An elaborate legend of their beginnings is built up; their love affairs are publicized; their home life is described in elaborate detail; they are phosphorescent with glamour. And — they are held up as models. "Be handsome and you'll be happy; be beautiful and then you'll be loved." This is the text on which the film sermon is based. "Love is glamour," it continues. "Love is charm — is plucked eyebrows, a perfect skin, a good lipstick, a dieted figure, bleached hair, a husky voice. Love is the power to wear your clothes well and to know whether it suits you to brush your hair off your forehead or to wear it in curls round your ears. Love is kissing and tears, renunciation in a drawing room and reconciliation in a taxi and an escape from picturesque poverty to picturesque plenty."

So the sermon goes on and is pleasant enough hearing. But it says little of certain other qualifications, little of that love which "suffereth long, is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

But then this view of love is, of course, an oriental one. It is the delusion of a tentmaker who lived at Tarsus, who fought with beasts at Ephesus and changed his name to Paul.

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In Defense of the "G Men"

by **HAROLD NATHAN**

Assistant Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

In a letter inviting me to reply to Milton S. Mayer's "Myth of the 'G Men'" (September Forum), the Editor of The Forum remarked, "Many of our readers will disagree violently with Mr. Mayer." Inasmuch as I firmly believe the vast majority, at least, of readers possess sound judgment and a viewpoint of existing conditions founded upon a comprehensive knowledge of underlying conditions, I am certain that the Editor's statement, if in any manner inaccurate, errs on the side of conservatism.

If only I could find something savoring of accuracy in Mr. Mayer's article, perhaps I could understand more clearly the reason for its appearance. He commences by stating that "two years ago the federal government had been . . . thoroughly discredited as a policeman." Perhaps so in some phases and spheres. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, however, had been in existence for many years, and had not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, become discredited. At least we who have functioned as representatives thereof, both in the field and at the seat of government, for so long were not aware of this universal discredit.

With regard to Mr. Mayer's three arguments which he states were employed to advocate the passage of the "Lindbergh" laws and "for the further elaboration of the federal criminal code," I believe the second argument, i.e., that "the automobile and the airplane had given criminals a mobility with which local police could not cope," was ample and true. The other two arguments alleged by Mr. Mayer never came to my attention.

With the characterization of certain Congressional legislation in 1933 as unnecessary and undesirable, it is not my function or desire to deal. In the matter, however, of the specific legislation affording extended powers to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I believe it is obvious that there had been at least a real augmentation of the commission of particularly heinous crimes, such as kidnaping, and that the pressure for this legislation came not from federal officials but from the States and communities which had suffered from the practically unchecked depredations of criminals in certain phases of criminality.

Mr. Mayer, with punctilious inaccuracy, goes on to say, "So a federal police army was set up. . . ." It was not. The Federal Bureau of Investigation possessed approximately three hundred special agents or investigators at that time, and, after intensive efforts to increase its staff to meet existing conditions during this entire period, it now possesses a staff of approximately six hundred. This may be characterized as a "federal police army," but I doubt that such a characterization could be termed entirely accurate.

He states that "the Department of Justice's Division (now Bureau) of Investigation was reorganized." There was no reorganization of any kind or type. He says that "new bureaus" were established. This is not true.

Mr. Mayer refers to the selection of the Bureau's personnel by "novel" standards. This I believe to be true but I doubt whether these novel standards may properly be treated with the complete contempt with which Mr. Mayer apparently views them, in the light of the accomplishments of those so selected.

Mr. Mayer, from the profound depths of his extensive experience, states that it is questionable whether

> 600 college boys could go through 6 months of academic training in criminology, pin badges on their chests, pick up their brand-new machine guns, and go out and "crack" the underworld in a city like Chicago.

With regard to the college-boy appellation, apparently the few individuals in the country who for some mysterious reason are venomously biased in their attitude toward modern

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law enforcement continually infer that the personnel of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is extremely youthful; and this again is incorrect. (I might cite, if assumed modesty did not forbid, my own advanced age.) I have many friends with whom I functioned as a special agent in the field for many years. I indeed wish that we could properly be called college boys but I doubt if in many conditions we could qualify as such. The average age of the special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is older than that existing in the majority of other police or law-enforcement organizations of this country. Most of the agents representing the Bureau are older than Mr. Mayer and, I should judge, considerably more adept in their chosen vocation.

With regard to the alleged absurdity of these "college boys" "cracking" the underworld in a city like Chicago, they *have* "cracked" that portion of the underworld in Chicago and elsewhere which they have encountered in the commission of violations of federal statutes.

II

THE ARTICLE continues:

> One day in May, 1934, Mr. [Attorney General] Cummings issued a sensational order to the Bureau of Investigation. . . . "Shoot to kill — then count ten."

This was allegedly in connection with the desired apprehension of that eminent associate of Mr. Mayer in the holding of adverse views with regard to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the late John Dillinger. I never heard of the issuance of any such order by Mr. Cummings; I never read any such order; I have no knowledge of it. The continued repetition of this charge in Mr. Mayer's article does not serve to make the original inaccuracy any more accurate.

Mr. Mayer apparently feels that, as he terms it, the "bogeyman" in this country at the present time is the criminal. Perhaps, if he had been privileged to meet, as I have been, the victims of our noble kidnapers and such kidnapers themselves as are still alive, he would not be so sophomorically certain of the mythical character of crime and individual criminals.

Mr. Mayer asserts that there has been no "crime wave." Personally I have no interest in or particular admiration for statistics or statisticians. Perhaps Mr. Mayer's statistics are more accurate than his other statements of fact. I do know, however, that at the time of which he speaks law-enforcement conditions in various cities of this country were deplorable, and that knowledge is shared, I believe, by every resident of our American cities of sufficient maturity of years or judgment to have an opinion.

Having settled the crime problem of several years ago and having decided that crime was practically nonexistent, Mr. Mayer logically develops his theme by stating that "kidnaping is largely an amateur sport." Mr. Mayer must have studied kidnaping in some sphere of which I am totally ignorant. Kidnaping an amateur sport? Shades of George Kelly Barnes, Albert Bates, Harvey Bailey, Fred and Arthur Barker, Alvin Karpis, and many others! The few of these "amateurs" who are still at large undoubtedly lost a considerable portion of the fraternal respect that they must have felt for Mr. Mayer upon reading this characterization of them. I wonder what Arthur Barker will think (I understand he is still in Leavenworth, and I assume he reads current literature) when he hears that he is only an amateur.

Every ordinary reader of the newspapers knows that kidnaping was apparently fashionable several years ago. The twisting and distortion of statistics cannot change this indubitable condition. If Mr. Mayer intends to convey the thought that these crimes were not so numerous as those of petty larceny, he may be right. However, crimes like the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh child and the kidnaping of the Weyerhaeuser boy, shock the moral sense of the community and bring fear into every household, statistics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Mayer states that "the only bootlegging gang ever brought into court for kidnaping was the Touhys of Chicago." I am uncertain as to what bootlegging has to do with this particular problem. The Barker-Karpis gang, the majority of which has been either killed or brought into court at St. Paul, is not mentioned in this article, nor are many others of the "snatch" fraternity. Mr. Mayer states the Touhys were acquitted of the Hamm kidnaping by a federal jury in St. Paul. This is correct. The Federal authorities possessed and presented the testimony of witnesses who identified the members

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of this gang as committing the crime. I doubt if any prosecuting agency, federal or otherwise, could disregard proffered testimony of this type and fail to prosecute under such conditions.

Mr. Mayer states he "lived" with the Factor case and holds a suspicion that Factor was never kidnaped. I can say with regard to this abnormality only that Mr. Mayer must have slept through the proceedings of the second trial, failed to hear the confession on the stand of a member of the Touhy mob to the effect that the Touhy mob did kidnap Factor, and, probably, awoke only in time to listen to the luridly distorted address of the attorney for the defense in a last desperate attempt to mislead and mystify a tired jury.

III

MR. MAYER STATES that "crime is local" and "criminals are local." This is absolutely incorrect with regard to the vast majority of major crimes. Since the advent of the automobile, major crimes have been national in scope, and the *modus operandi* of escape by major criminals has been national or interstate. Mr. Mayer says:

> The crossing of a State line by a criminal is almost invariably followed by a recrossing by the same criminal bound for home.

I can only marvel as to the nature and character of the sources from which this information was gleaned. Presumably the implication is, however, that there is no necessity for a national law-enforcement organization such as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, because a criminal, after the commission of a crime, always comes home. In other words, all the local police would have to do would be to await the return of the criminal prodigal son and then take him into custody. This would be a real comfort to the victims of major criminals, such as Charles Urschel, who was dragged from his front porch on a hot summer night, Edward Bremer, who was seized in his automobile after leaving his young daughter at school, William Hamm, who was taken from the sidewalks of St. Paul while walking between his factory and home, and the Weyerhaeuser boy, seized on the streets of Tacoma between school and home and tossed into a trunk in the back of an automobile, for later incarceration in holes in the ground. Local crimes, Mr. Mayer would say, and undoubtedly the local police would have been amply able to solve them when and if the criminals returned to the localities whence they came.

Not one of these crimes was committed by a local criminal. There was not one of them that did not cover many States in the course of its commission and during the escape of the perpetrators.

I want specifically and emphatically to deny that the Federal Bureau of Investigation is, as Mr. Mayer states, a "secret, independent police force." It has always co-operated and always will co-operate with State and local law-enforcement agencies, whenever and wherever this procedure is practically possible, and the enthusiastically expressed commendation of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, at the convention held last July in Atlantic City, will serve to allay any fears that the operations of the Bureau have stirred up enmity and resentment among the representative police organizations of the country.

Neither Mr. Cummings nor Mr. Hoover possesses the conviction, and neither has, of course, "infused" the special agents of the Bureau with the conviction that local police are corrupt. Mr. Mayer states that "the local police are corrupt in a city like Chicago" and possibly possesses sources of information with regard to this matter also that are not available to me. No assertion of this kind with regard to the police of Chicago or the police of other large cities has ever been made by a representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

IV

PROBABLY ONE need not be an investigator to solve the problem of the reason for Mr. Mayer's peculiar views. The solution is in his statement to the effect that "the right way to fight crime is to remove the environment in which crime breeds." Splendid, of course, and practically possible probably in four or five hundred years. In the interim, however, presumably criminals need not be apprehended, and presumably also no "crime wave" can possibly exist. Possibly in a second article which some other publication might be prevailed upon to purchase as a museum piece, Mr. Mayer will expatiate on Karl Marx on "Crime" and Engels on "The Criminal and

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his Environment" or Lenin on "Law Enforcement under Modern Governments".

I cannot refrain from quoting another truly humorous statement by Mr. Mayer: "Crime has never been 'scotched' by capturing or killing criminals haphazardly." By haphazardly I assume he means one at a time or possibly a few at a time. Unfortunately, I have never heard of any other way of capturing or killing criminals. It would be nice if they could be invited into some species of corral or enclosure and captured or killed en masse. We may hear later how this can be done.

The further statement is made that "the war on crime is no more furthered by the killing of a Dillinger than by the jailing of a Capone for income-tax evasion." I feel that with this expression of opinion I can conclude my complete disagreement with the statements contained in the article and simply state that, in common with the vast majority of the citizenry of this country, I believe the war on crime is furthered by the killing of a Dillinger and the jailing of a Capone. There may be other Dillingers and other Capones who are to come, but their presence has not been made manifest as yet to those in the crime-detection business. Mr. Mayer, however, may know of their existence, and this may be his own little secret.

I will refrain, of course, from entering into any personal defense of the motives of Attorney General Homer S. Cummings or Director John Edgar Hoover which have been brought into question by Mr. Mayer. The imputation of evil or unworthy motives to those who have attained distinction in any line of endeavor is as old as recorded history. The ink slingers and typewriter rattlers who can obtain public notice in no other manner practically always, in a last desperate effort to establish themselves in the field of literary criticism or kindred lines, have chosen the muckraking path. The characters and achievements of both Mr. Cummings and Mr. Hoover should properly be left to the verdict of our contemporaries and of posterity. Any comments that I might make would probably be misjudged and ascribed to unworthy motives on my own part by those who can see evil more readily by far than they can discern truth.

"Myth of the 'G Men'" the article is entitled. Ordinarily this would not hurt us. We did not choose this appellation. It probably will not last. The vast majority of our men did not seek, do not desire, and dislike the public notice that has been so fulsomely poured upon them through the columns of the press during the past few years. The majority of our men long for a return to the individual and organizational anonymity that existed for so many years and during which they were able to perform work which received no public or newspaper acclamation but which they believe was effective nevertheless. At this particular time, however, when we have just buried another of our martyrs, the late Special Agent Nelson B. Klein, who was killed in the apprehension of a cheap, common violator of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act (another federal statute that probably the local police could enforce when the perpetrators of these crimes returned to their respective abodes), cheap, malicious criticism of the type contained in this article is rather annoying. Possibly the death of Agent Klein was a mythical death, and the loss suffered by his wife and three children also mythical.

The struggle of the so-called "G" men to enforce federal statutes entrusted to their jurisdiction is as real as the death of their martyrs who have given their lives that civilization may continue to exist. The harm that is done by ill-considered, amateurish articles of this type is that, appearing in a splendidly reputable magazine, they may serve to alienate a part of that support from the public at large which is so necessary if law enforcement is to be truly effective. I am confident, however, that the readers of THE FORUM will simply feel that the views expressed by Mr. Mayer are unusual and that therein lies their only interest.

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Irish Pride

A Short Story

***by* LIAM O'FLAHERTY**

I WAS SUPERINTENDENT of Police in the district of Kilmorris. It is one of the most remote parts of Ireland, on the west coast. The inhabitants are all practically of pure Gaelic stock, and during the centuries of English occupation they retained most of their old customs. A very fine race of men, industrious, thrifty, extremely religious, and proud to a fanatical degree. To illustrate this latter characteristic the case of Sean McKelvey seems to me worthy of record.

He lived on the small island of Inishcam, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel of about a quarter of a mile. Even so, this tiny channel renders the island an excellent headquarters for its principal industry, which is, or was at least, the distilling of illicit whisky. We call it poitheen locally.

Except for one narrow cove, the island is surrounded by rugged cliffs, so it was an easy matter for scouts to give warning when any of my men came from the mainland to search for the still. And the islanders went on merrily distilling for the first year of my service in the district, just as they had been doing for centuries. In the same way, when the spirits were ready for the market, they could sneak over during the night in their currachs to the mainland and dispose of their goods in safety. I was at my wits' end as to how to deal with the nuisance.

Ours is a democratic police force, and, as I understand it, the business of a good police officer is to preserve order in his district at the expense of as little coercion as possible. It was impossible to adopt rough measures with the twenty-five or thirty families on the island. There would be a rumpus on the mainland, followed by the usual protests to Dublin by people who are always looking for a chance to accuse the police force of tyrannical conduct. I decided that the only thing to do was to tackle Sean McKelvey in person.

He was the chief man on Inishcam and was commonly called The King, a title which is claimed by some romantic people to have come from ancient times, before Gaelic civilization was overthrown by the British, but whose origin is really quite recent and rather ridiculous, as is usually the case with most of these titles of nobility. Sometime during the eighties of last century, a party of British military and police invaded the island in the hope of being able to collect some rent from the inhabitants, who had paid none for years. On the approach of the authorities, the inhabitants fled to the cliffs, leaving only the aged and the infants in the village. The officer in charge picked on one dignified old fellow as the most likely to be able to give him information and assistance in dealing with the others.

"Are you the head man of this island?" he asked.

The old man bowed, understanding no English.

Then the officer, to cover his defeat and to impress the natives with the power of Britain, delivered the old man a lecture on the futility of resisting British law and told him to have his islanders parade at the rent office with their rent within one month, or else their property would be impounded. Then he went away, and some newspaper reporter picked on the incident for a story, and the story reached London, and presently there were scholars and other faddists coming to the island to visit the last remaining Irish king. In that way old McKelvey, Sean's grandfather, received the title, and his descendants inherited it, and the islanders politely accepted the situation, since it brought them revenue from summer visitors.

However, if a man is called King, even in

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fun, he develops a kingly manner in course of time. Sean McKelvey, being the third of this preposterous line of monarchs, was firmly convinced of his royal blood and behaved as if he had divine right to rule over Inishcam. Many a time he was heard to say on the mainland, when he came there on business, that the police had no authority over him and that, if they made any attempt to interfere with his person, he would die rather than submit to the indignity. And the islanders believed him. So that it can be easily understood it was a ticklish business putting an end to his distillery.

II

I DRESSED in civilian clothes and got a man to row me over to the island, on which I landed alone and unarmed, to beard The King in his realm.

It was a fine summer morning, and, when I jumped ashore on the little sandy beach, I saw a crowd of the islanders lounging on a broad, flat rock near the village, which stands above the beach. I climbed the steep, rocky path, which was like the approach to a fortress. They all stared at me as I came to the rock, but nobody spoke. They knew who I was and were not pleased to see me.

I will admit that I grew slightly uneasy, for the men on that island are of tremendous physique, tall, slim and as hard as whipcord. The surroundings were even more menacing than the islanders themselves. Beyond the village, there was some arable land, covered with patches of rye and potatoes. Beyond that rose the mountains, covered with heather and cut by deep, gloomy valleys. Fat chance my men would have trying to find a still in that impassable wilderness.

"Good morning, men," I said cheerfully. "I have come to see The King."

A man nodded over his shoulder towards a house in the center of the village. It was a one-storied cottage like the rest, with a slate roof, but it was longer, and its walls had a pink wash, whereas the others were whitewashed. Some flowers grew in the yard in front of it, beside a heap of lobster pots and nets that were hanging up to dry.

Drawings by Edward C. Caswell

I strode towards the house. When I entered the yard, a man appeared in the doorway with his arms folded on his bosom. It was Sean McKelvey, The King of the island.

"You want to see me?" he said arrogantly.

He was about six feet in height and as straight as a rod. He was dressed only in his shirt and trousers, which were fastened at the waist by a red handkerchief. His shirt was open at the neck, and the sleeves were rolled up beyond his

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biceps, which were stiff, owing to his arms being folded. He was as muscular as a prize fighter in training, and as I glanced at his muscles I doubted the good sense of my plan. There was a fair stubble on his powerful jaws and upper lip, increasing the menacing expression of his arrogant countenance. His blue eyes seemed to bore through me, as they say in romances. In fact, he looked every inch a king, and I wished that he had chosen somebody else's district for his damned distilling, for his type is one I admire. But the law is the law and must be upheld.

"Yes," I answered. "I've come to see you, McKelvey."

"As friend or foe?" he cried.

Affecting a calm which I did not feel, I took a cigarette from my case and tapped the end on the lid. The other men began to crowd around the yard.

"Whichever way you like to take it," I said.

"Well! That means you've come as an enemy," said McKelvey.

"I suppose you know who I am," I said.

"Troth, then I do," said he. "I know who ye are well enough but I don't give a toss rap for you or yer men. You have nothing against me. So I don't want you nosing about this island."

"Oh! Yes, I have something against you, McKelvey."

"What is it?"

"You make poitheen here."

"I'm not saying that we do, but even if we do it has nothing to do with you."

"I'm afraid it has. I am police officer of this district and I won't have you or anybody else poisoning the people with your rotten drink. That's what I came to see you about."

"Well! You have your journey for nothing. I'm taking no orders from you, Mr. Corrigan."

"I'm not giving you orders but if you had the courage of a man I'd like to make a bargain with you."

His face darkened, and he leaned back slightly as if he were going to spring at me. He unfolded his arms, and his hands crept slowly down by his sides, the fingers doubling over the palms.

"What's that I heard you saying?" he whispered.

He came foward two paces slowly, just like an animal getting into position for a pounce. Even at that moment I had to admire the magnificent stance of the man. The other islanders behind me began to growl, and I knew that my bait had taken.

"If you had the courage of a man," I repeated in a low, offensive sort of tone, "I'd like to make a bargain with you."

"And what makes you think," drawled McKelvey, "that I haven't the courage of a man?"

At that moment a young woman appeared in the doorway with a baby in her arms. She was a handsome woman with red hair, with a rather startled expression in her eyes.

"Sean," she cried, "what ails you?"

He wheeled around like a shot and barked at her: "Go into the house, Mary."

She obeyed instantly, and he turned back to face me.

"Speak what's in your mind," he cried.

"It's like this, McKelvey," I said casually. "You and your still are a damn nuisance in my district. You call yourself King of this island, and I'm the local police officer, whose business it is to see that the law is observed. There isn't room for the two of us. Well! This is what I propose. I'm ready to fight you and let the winner have the sway. If you win, you can carry on with your still, and I give you my word of honor that I'll not interfere with you in future. If I win, you'll come along with me to the police barracks and give a written guarantee that you'll break up your still and obey the law in future. How does that strike you as a fair deal? I'm putting it to you as man to man. If you have the guts of a man you'll agree to it."

For a few moments there was dead silence. The infant began to cry within the house. And then McKelvey sighed deeply, swelled out his chest, and nodded. I noticed that the whites of his eyes had gone red and the veins on his neck stood out, as if they were going to burst with outraged anger.

"So help me God," he muttered, "I'm going to kill you for this if I have to swing for it."

"Just a moment," I said. "I have come here alone. Are you going to give me fair play and are you going to agree to the bargain I proposed?"

I wanted to infuriate him as much as possible in order to give myself a better chance of beating him.

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"Who the hell do ye think yer dealing with?" he roared. "A rat like yourself or Sean McKelvey, the King of Inishcam?"

"Then it's a bargain," I said.

"Put up your fists," he roared.

"Give me time to strip," I said, unbuttoning my coat.

As I took off my coat and waistcoat leisurely, he stood in front of me, shaking with anger and then he suddenly seemed to collect himself and to master his rage. He bit his lip, and a queer, startled look came into his eyes. For all the world, he looked at that moment like a wild animal of the African forest confronted by a hunter for the first time, awed and at the same time infuriated. He stooped down and slipped off his shoes. Then he pulled his socks up over the ends of his trouser legs and rubbed some sand from the yard on his palms. By that time I was set for action.

III

"I'M READY NOW if you are," I said.

"Then take your medicine," he hissed.

With that he drove with his right at my chin, and I ducked just in time to let it graze the right side of my head. Even so, it rocked me to my heels and it enabled me to judge the caliber of the man with whom I had to deal. I realized that my only chance was in being able to avoid the sledge hammer that he carried in his right hand, until his frenzy exhausted him. Ducking and skipping about the yard, I kept teasing him in order to keep his rage at fever pitch.

"So you think you can fight, do you, McKelvey?" I sneered. "You couldn't hit a haystack. I'm ashamed to fight you. It's like taking milk from a child. You'd better surrender before I do you damage. What's the use? Look at that. You thought it was my head and it was only the air. Man alive, who told you you could fight?"

And sure enough, although he had the strength and agility of a tiger, he was handicapped by knowing nothing about boxing. All he could do was to swing that terrifying right hand and trust to luck. Little by little he began to tire, and I was overjoyed to hear that telltale panting.

"Now for it," I thought.

I waded into him and landed twice on his chin with all the power in my body behind each blow, but the only result was that I smashed two knuckles in my left hand. McKelvey swayed backwards and then for the first time swung his left hand wildly and met me straight on the chest. I went back four yards before I fell, all in a heap, conscious but at the same time convinced that my ribs had been smashed to splinters and that the breath had been driven from my body. A great roar went up from the islanders.

I turned over and waited on my hands and knees until I recovered a little and then struggled to my feet. Had McKelvey gone for me at once it would have been his show, but the fool was dancing around the yard like a wild Indian, boasting of his prowess.

"There's not a man in Ireland that I wouldn't do the same to," he yelled. "Aye, or ten men either. I'll take every peeler they have and break every bone in their bodies. I'm Sean McKelvey, King of Inishcam, and I dare them to lay a hand on me." And then he gave a wild yell that re-echoed through the mountains.

His men yelled in response, and somehow that pulled me together.

"Hold on there," I said. "You're not done with me yet, you windbag. Come and take it."

Crouching, he came towards me, his underlip turned downwards.

"Is it more ye want, ye rat?" he muttered. "Very well, then. Take that."

Taking his time and no doubt thinking that, because I slouched and swayed a bit, I was easy prey, he swung his right at me once more. It was so slow coming that I could have countered it. In the meantime I dived in and landed a beauty on the mark. He grunted and doubled up. Then I lashed out with a vengeance, having found his tender spot.

"Don't kill him," screamed his wife, running out into the yard.

The child wailed in the house, and several women, who had gathered to see the fight, also began to scream. The men, however, standing in a sullen group, were silent and astonished. In every one of their faces I saw a look of utter astonishment, as I glanced around at them nervously, not at all certain that they were not going to fall on me for having dishonored their king. Not a bit of it. They stood there gaping, obviously unable to understand how it had come to pass that their invincible chief was down in a heap on the ground.

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IV

By the time I had finished dressing, McKelvey had come to his senses. He got to his feet and looked at me with an expression I shall never forget. It was an expression of bitter hatred, and at the same time there was in his eyes the picture of a shame that had already eaten to his very soul. At that moment I wished from the bottom of my heart that the result had been different. I saw that I had mortally wounded the poor man.

"You took me unawares," he said quietly. "It wouldn't happen again in a thousand years, if we met hand to hand every day of that thousand years. I lost my temper. You are a cunning man. Now what do you want with me? You won. I'm not able to go on with it."

And his strange, wild, blue eyes were fixed on mine, boring through me. Damn it! Never in my life have I felt more ashamed and sorry than at that moment.

"You'll have to surrender your still, McKelvey," I said, "and come with me just as you promised."

He lowered his eyes to the ground and answered: "I'll do that. Come on with me into the house."

Then indeed a strange thing happened. When I had followed him into the house, he went

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down to the hearth, where a small fire was burning. He took a heather broom from a corner of the hearth and began to sweep ashes over the burning embers.

"What are you doing, Sean?" said his wife, who stood nearby with the infant.

He did not answer but continued to sweep the ashes over the embers until he had extinguished the flames and there was no more smoke coming from the pile. Then he dropped the broom and stood erect.

"Come now into the garden," he said.

I followed him out through the back door into the garden that adjoined the house. There he handed me a pinch of earth and a twig which he tore from a briar bush, the ancient formula for surrendering legal possession of his house and grounds.

"But you can't do this," I said.

He drew himself up and answered arrogantly: "You won. You are now the master. Isn't that what you wanted to be?"

"But I only want your still. I don't want your house and land. Man alive, are you mad?"

"You'll get the still as well," he said. "You're not thinking I'd go back on me word?"

He beckoned me to follow him, and I did.

V

He was still in his stockinged feet and he moved as nimbly as a goat over the rough ground, leaping from rock to rock, at a brisk trot, so that I had great difficulty in keeping up with him. We circled a spur of the mountain that rose immediately behind the village and then climbed from ledge to ledge along a precipitous path that brought my heart to my mouth, until finally we arrived in a ravine. About midway down the ravine, he turned suddenly to the left and when I reached him he was pulling loose rocks away from what proved to be the mouth of a cave. We entered the cave and moved in almost complete darkness along a narrow passage between two smooth walls, against which my shoulders brushed when I stumbled over the loose granite slivers that covered the floor.

I was now in an extremely nervous state. Has he brought me here to kill me? I wondered.

The thought was a natural one. For a man in his state, his pride deeply humbled at being knocked down in the presence of his people and then going through the ceremony of "sod and twig," to kill his conqueror in an access of frenzy would be the most likely thing in the world. I remembered his terrible eyes and the unnatural calm of his bearing since he had risen after his fall.

At last I could not prevent myself from crying out to him, in a voice which must have disclosed the fear that was upon me, "Where are you taking me, McKelvey?"

"We're nearly there," he said quietly.

And then my fear vanished, and I felt ashamed of having suspected him.

Presently the cave grew lighter, and then we emerged from the narrow walls suddenly into an open space overlooking the sea. Here, to my astonishment, I found the distillery in full blast, attended by three men who looked at us in speechless astonishment. The still was set up in a natural chamber formed by an overhanging brow of the granite cliff, and there were kegs of the finished product stacked in a corner.

"Give your orders," said McKelvey.

One of the men began to speak rapidly to McKelvey in Irish, using the dialect of the island which I did not understand, although I have a passable knowledge of the language. McKelvey answered the man with some heat, and then the other two men joined in the argument, until it ceased all of a sudden on a shout from McKelvey. Then again he turned to me.

"Give your orders," he said.

"Well!" I said. "I suppose the easiest way is to chuck them over the cliff. The rocks below will do the rest."

"Very well," he said.

He turned to the men and gave them orders in Irish. They proceeded to obey him with great reluctance. I stood by until the last of the stuff had been dragged to the edge and hurled down the steep face of the cliff, to smash on the rocks four hundred feet below.

"That's that," I said. "Now, let's go."

We turned back into the cave, leaving the three men chattering and gesticulating wildly in the clearing. Not a word was spoken until we got back to the village. There I noticed that the whole population was gathered on the flat rock, talking excitedly in low voices. By the way they looked at us as we approached I knew that McKelvey's reign was at an end.

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I waited outside in the yard while he went indoors to dress. Then he appeared again, in his best clothes.

"Are you ready?" I said.

"If it's all the same to you," he said, "I won't go with you but I'll follow you."

"But why not come with me?" I said. "I have a boat down here, and it can bring you back again."

"Well!" he said. "I swore that I'd never be taken to a police barracks or before a magistrate alive."

"But this is not a case of going to a police barracks or a magistrate. This is a personal thing between you and myself. It has nothing to do with the law."

"All the same," he said, "the people wouldn't understand that. If I went with you now they'd say you took me prisoner."

I stared at him in astonishment. How could it be possible that he could still stand on ceremony, after having made such a complete surrender? Now that he was dressed and in spite of the stubble on his cheeks, he looked more a king than ever, and nobody would believe that it was the same man who had danced around like a wild Indian after having felled me. He looked so austere and dignified and magnificently handsome. But his eyes had lost their arrogance, and they had the bitter expression of a defeated man. There was no hatred in them, but they gave the harrowing picture of a sorrow that could not be cured.

"I understand that," I said. "Then I have your word for it that you'll come along later."

"I give you my word," he said proudly, "and I would not break my word for the richest kingdom in the world."

"I have no doubt of it," I said. "So long."

I hurried away, anxious to get out of sight of those eyes. When I reached the office and told Sergeant Kelly what had happened he could hardly believe me.

"Just you wait," I said. "McKelvey will be here himself shortly."

"He'll never come," said Kelly. "The man would rather eat his own children than put a foot in this office."

"We'll see," I said.

VI

And true enough, about an hour later, McKelvey marched into the office.

In the meantime I had drawn up a document, which he signed without reading it. It was all very irregular but it was the only way I could deal with a difficult situation. After all, fine character and all that he was, he was a public menace, and I had to put a stop to his distilling some way or other.

"Is that all you want of me now, Mr. Corrigan?" he asked when he had finished.

"No," I said. "I'd like to shake hands with the finest man I ever met."

He looked at my outstretched hand and then looked me straight in the eyes and shook his head.

"Oh! Come on, man," I said. "Let's be friends. One of us had to win. I've taken a licking myself many a time and I dare say I'll take a good many more. Don't hold it against me. I was only trying to do my duty as best I could. After all, you were breaking the law, and I had to stop you."

"I wasn't breaking my own law," he said quietly.

And with that he marched out of the room with his head in the air.

"Keep an eye on him, Kelly," I said to the sergeant.

I had an idea that he might begin to drink at one of the local public houses and then run amuck before returning to his island. From past experience I knew that men of his type are extremely dangerous, once they lose their self-control with drink.

However, McKelvey did nothing of the kind. He marched down to the shore, staring straight in front of him and rowed back to the island without speaking to a soul.

"Well! That's that," I said to the sergeant. "McKelvey'll give us no more trouble with his still."

"I hope not," said Kelly, "but I have me doubts."

My own doubts were of a somewhat different kind. I was afraid that I had done the man a mortal injury and many a time during the following week I cursed the fate that had destined me to be a police officer and one with a conscience at that. Had the man been a mean and treacherous scoundrel I should have had no compunction about overthrowing him by means of a rather doubtful trick. But he was, on the contrary, a splendid type that is of immense value to any community.

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VII

ON THE NINTH DAY afterwards his wife called at my hotel while I was having lunch. I went out to see her. She looked ill and terribly worried. She had obviously been weeping quite recently.

"I'm Mrs. McKelvey from Inishcam," she said. "I came to see you about my husband."

"You look ill," I said. "Won't you sit down? Could I get you a drink of some sort?"

"No, Mr. Corrigan," she said gently, "it's nothing like that I want. But wouldn't you come over and do something for Sean? He's been terrible since that day you came to the island, and I'm greatly afraid that he'll never rise again from his bed unless you can stop the people from thinking he was taken."

"How do you mean?" I said.

"Well! It's how the people said that you took him, which you know well, Sir, is a lie. And it broke his heart that they should say that about him. He took to his bed and he won't take bite or sup. He'll die that way. I know he will, for he's that proud."

That was just what I feared. I told her to return at once to her home and that I would come over early in the afternoon.

"For God's sake, Sir," she said, "don't let him know that I came to see you. That would kill him altogether."

"Don't be afraid, Mrs. McKelvey," I said. "I'll see to that."

After she had gone, I did some hard thinking and finally hit upon a plan which, I felt sure, would succeed with the type of man that

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McKelvey was. This time I crossed over to the island in uniform, in accordance with the idea I had in mind. There were some people down on the beach, taking a catch of fish from the currachs that had just landed. I noticed that they touched their hats to me and bid me good day, quite unlike their conduct on my previous visit, when they scowled at me in silence. Presumably they had transferred their allegiance to the man who had defeated their king. Human nature is an odd business. Most of them followed me up to McKelvey's house and stood around the yard when I entered.

"God save all here," I said.

"You too, Sir," said Mrs. McKelvey, who was alone in the kitchen.

As she spoke she put her fingers to her lips, as a sign that I was to say nothing about her visit to my hotel.

I nodded and inquired: "Is Mr. McKelvey at home?"

"He's in the room, Sir, in bed," she said. "Won't you go on in?"

I thanked her and entered the bedroom, where I found McKelvey lying on his back in the bed, his arms folded on his bosom, his head propped up high by pillows. His face was very pale, and his eyes looked sunken. I strode over to the bed, an angry scowl on my face.

"So this is your idea of keeping your word, McKelvey," I said with a sneer. "You are the man that wouldn't break his word for the richest kingdom in the world. What the devil do you mean by it? Are you making fun of me?"

I spoke as loudly as possible, so that the islanders outside could hear. McKelvey did not move for some moments. Then he sat bolt upright in bed and the color came back to his pale cheeks. His eyes flashed with their old fire. He roared at his wife.

"Give me my clothes, Mary," he cried. "Leave the room, you. I'll talk to you on my feet and I'll talk to you outside my door for I'll not commit murder on my hearth."

I left the house and waited while he dressed. I could hear the people murmuring behind me in the yard and wondered what was going to be the outcome of infuriating this man, who was very likely by now out of his senses. However, as he came towards me, tightening his red handkerchief around his waist, dressed exactly as he had been the day I fought him, I could see that he was in his proper senses.

"Now you can say what you have to say," he cried. "And this time, I'm warning ye, it's going to be a fight to the finish."

"I don't want to fight you, McKelvey," I said. "This time I have come here as a police officer to make a complaint, and it's this. Nine days ago you came to my office of your own free will and gave a guarantee, as King of this island of Inishcam, that you were going to prevent your islanders from manufacturing spirits and selling them illegally on the mainland, which is my territory. Is that true or is it not? Is it true that you came voluntarily to my office and gave me that guarantee?"

He stared at me and then he said in a loud voice: "It is true."

"It is also true that you are King of this island, is it not?"

"It is true," he cried in a still louder voice.

"Well! Then, why don't you act up to your promise?"

"In what way have I broken it?" he cried furiously.

"I have received information that one of your men has been to the mainland within the last few days, trying to buy another still to replace the one we threw over the cliff."

I had, of course, received no such information but I had a shrewd idea that something of the kind might have been on foot. In any case, it had the desired effect.

McKelvey thrust out his chest and cried: "There may have been one of my men on the mainland looking for a still, but if he lands with it on this island I'll break every bone in his body. I've been sick for the past week but from now on I'm on my feet, and you may take your gospel oath that what I say I'll do will be done."

"Well! In that case," I said in a humble tone, "I'm very sorry to have spoken so roughly, Mr. McKelvey. I apologize. I can only beg your pardon."

"You have it and welcome, Mr. Corrigan," he said, his face beaming with a great joy. "And now, sir, I'm going to take that hand I refused to take before, if ye do me the honor."

We shook hands, and I do believe that I never have felt so happy in my life as when I grasped the hand of that magnificent man. Nor did I ever afterwards, during my service in the district, have the least trouble with poitheen making on Inishcam.

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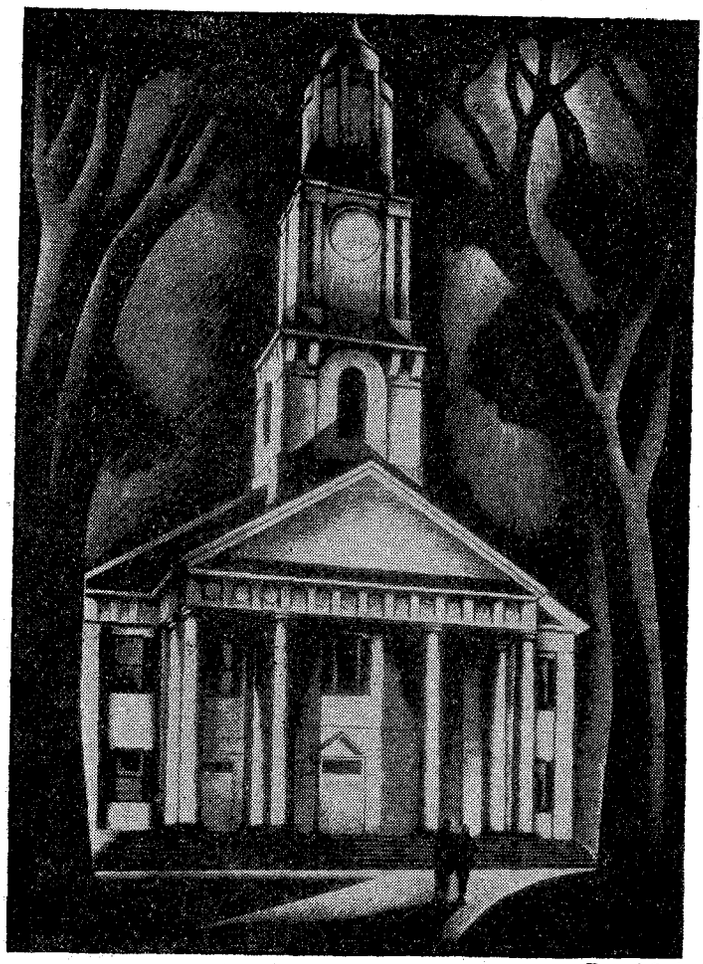

Howard Cook

New England Church

Diego Rivera

Fruits of Labor

Season's Greetings—New Style

ANNUALLY, Christmas greeting cards are sent and received by millions of people. These millions naturally embrace every class in the population and include many whose activities and interests are of such a nature that they seldom come in contact with the work of our best artists.

TO popularize American art by making it better known to the American public, thirty-eight leading artists have organized the American Artists Group, Inc., and have put on sale this year low-priced reproductions of their work in the form of Christmas greeting cards. The Group includes artists outstanding in all the principal schools.

THE reproductions on these pages are only five among a hundred and eight reproductions of etchings, dry points, lithographs, wood engravings, and woodcuts which are available, and, as the movement takes hold in future years, it is the intention of the Group to enlarge both the number and scope of its selections.

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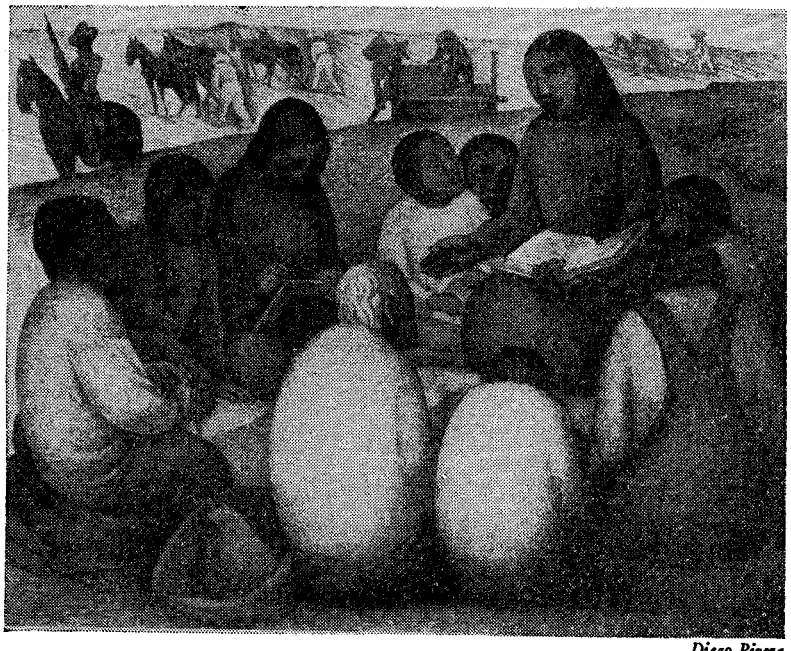
Howard Cook

The Station

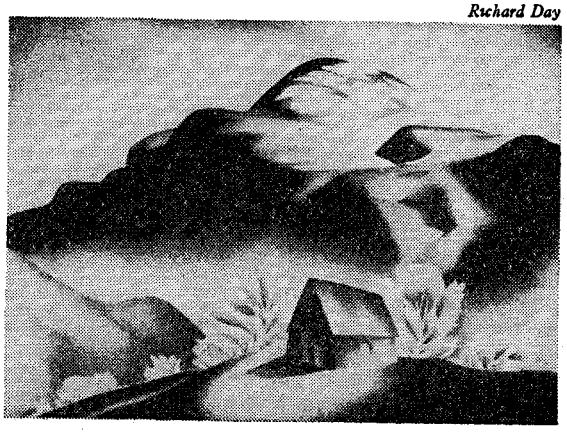


Diego Rivera

Open Air School

Hut, New Mexico

Richard Day



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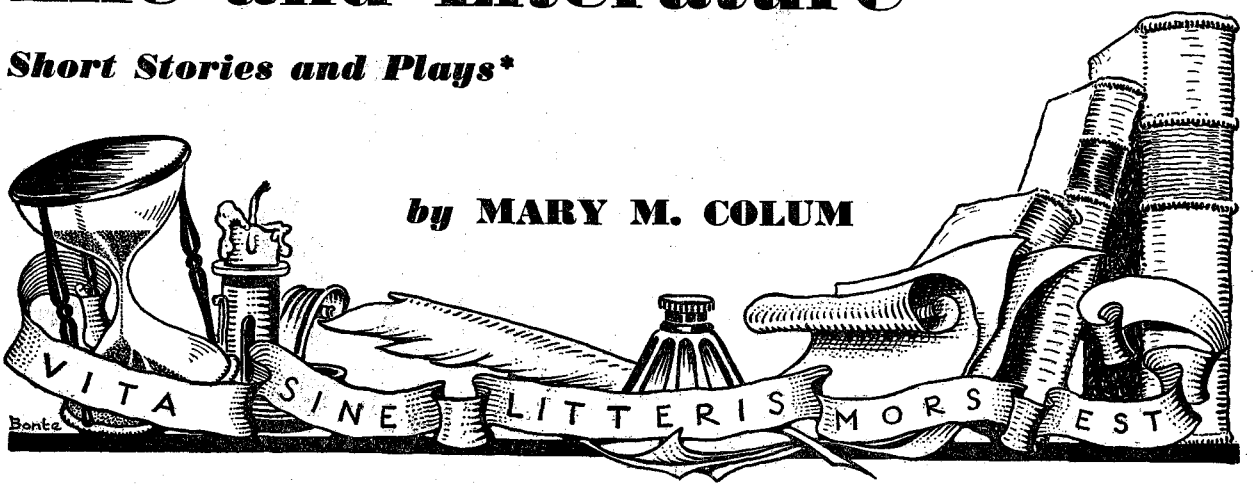
Life and Literature

*Short Stories and Plays**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

COLLECTIONS of short stories or printed plays, publishers say, are not good bets from a business point of view: they do not sell. For plays not selling well there are obvious reasons — the real audience is not for the play as a printed book, it is for the play as a spectacle; the public wants to see the people move before its eyes; it wants to hear the speeches spoken. It does not particularly want to read plays.

But the public does want to read stories: delight in a story is the commonest form of aesthetic experience — indeed for a vast number it provides the only form of such experience. For this reason, one asks why a publisher takes a risk in publishing a collection of short stories.

There are several reasons, but the chief, the outstanding, one seems to me to be that most volumes of short stories are dull; they make stale, flat, unprofitable reading; their authors for the most part, whether they realize it or not, are bound in formulas that they cannot break from.

SHORT-STORY FORMULAS

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN has for about two decades brought out an annual of what he judges to be the best short stories of the year and has come to be regarded as a sort of authority on the short story. One of the first pieces of criticism published by the present writer was an essay on the short story adversely criticizing Edward O'Brien's selection of that date. Neither one nor the other of us has changed his mind in this lapse of time. He chooses the same type of short story he did then: in the main, his tendency is toward the literal, rather unimaginative short story, though he may occasionally acknowledge an exciting piece of imaginative writing or an efficient commercial story; and I, though I may be wrong, think that his mind favors the mediocre, the tamely realistic.

In a recently published article on the American short story, he tells us that "twenty-one years ago the short story resided on four main avenues," which he describes in some detail. To put it shortly, the four kinds of short stories were the story with a plot, the story of a type, the story of local color, the story with a surprise ending. He informs us that these four types of short stories are now dead — a good thing, too, he thinks. They are still being written, he continues, but they don't know they're dead. But the question is: does anyone except Edward O'Brien think such short stories are dead?

There is no reason at all why a very good story in any of these classes should not be written, especially the "plot" short story, which can indeed be the most delightful, the most satisfactory of all forms when well and naturally done. And what type of story is judged to be alive if these four are dead? What type of writer and what type of story does Edward O'Brien bring forward in their places?

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—Best American Short Stories, 1935 *and* Best British Short Stories, 1935, *edited by Edward J. O'Brien* (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.50 each*); Russia Laughs, *by Mikhail Zostchenko* (*Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $2.00*); Best Plays of 1934–35, *edited by Burns Mantle* (*Dodd, Mead, $3.00*); *other plays in single volumes by Bernard Shaw* (*Dodd, Mead*) *and John Synge, Eugene O'Neill, and Clifford Odets* (*Random House*).

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> The new type of writer [to quote from this article] is quite different. He is alert, avid of expression, not for its own sake but as something which clarifies his own mind and enriches his own life.

I profoundly wish that this sort of author, who writes to clarify his own mind and enrich his own life, would keep his productions to himself or could be liquidated by some literary Ogpu — clarifying his mind and enriching his life are his own affairs; to read his efforts in this direction seldom gives pleasure to a suffering public.

The new writer, according to Edward O'Brien, is

> one who writes simply, who registers what he sees, transferring it into terms which are such that they appeal to other people.

Now this is not a new formula: like almost every other current literary idea, it is a hangover from the last century. As a formula, it was first concocted by some of Zola's disciples, who stated it in terms similar to those quoted above. It was to be a slice of life, observed carefully and reduced to writing, with a preference for such slices of life as might be part of anybody's experience — admittedly, they might often be banal. There was to be no plot or almost none, though something in the nature of an anecdote was commonly enough employed.

In the hands of an artist this type of short story, like any other type, often became literature. The formula itself was an offshoot of the later realistic novel, of the notebook kind of writing, and a very fair example of it is that entitled "The Overcoat" in Edward O'Brien's *Best American Short Stories, 1935*. The following lines from this story are a sample of how it is written:

> The sleeve that she could see was almost threadbare around the cuff, and a small shred from the lining hung down over the man's hand. She found herself looking intently at his hand. It was long and pallid and not too clean. The nails were very short, as though they had been bitten, and there was a discolored callus on his second finger, where he probably held his pencil.

This is careful observation, good, literate writing, but it never rises to any height. My readers can perceive that it is the easiest of all forms of short stories to write moderately well, much easier than any of the four types that Edward O'Brien declares to be dead. It can in fact be written by any educated person who has an interest in what is happening around him and who cultivates his sense of observation. Unlike the story that is either good as art or good as trade writing, it can be found in almost any magazine — the high-paying weeklies and monthlies, the quality group, or the little magazines. The high-paying magazines very rarely publish the sort of story that might be called a work of art; they publish the good trade story or the literate story. The quality group, on the other hand, seldom publishes the trade story; it publishes the short story that is art of some kind, when it can get it and can recognize it, or it publishes the literate short story. The same may be said for the little magazines. There is almost a universal idea in editorial circles that the literate story represents something high-class and high-brow. The editor of the *Best Short Stories* prefers the type as it shows itself in the smaller magazines such as *The Ploughshare*, *Direction*, *New Stories*, etc.

Rather illogically, Edward O'Brien announces that he is not a literary critic, though he appears to spend his nights and days being one.

> I have set myself [he says] the task of disengaging the essential qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life.

A "criticism of life" is one of those famous phrases invented by Matthew Arnold about poetry which for pure meaninglessness can be equaled only by that other phrase of his about seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. Such phrases, of course, have the fascination of a talisman or a conjuration.

> I am not at all interested in formulas [he declares]. An organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead.

First of all, I am sure Edward O'Brien is in error when he says he is not interested in formulas, and he is shockingly in error when he says that organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism. The criticism in Aristotle's *Poetics* is highly organized, and it is still alive with a most tremendous life. After over two thousand years it is more alive than anything most of us can manage to write. Nearly all the criticism that has survived has been organized criticism — organized thought has a way of living long, and why shouldn't it? And, as for the dogmatic interpretation of life being always dead, as he states, dogmatic interpretation of life has generally

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such vitality that it takes all the dynamism we possess to struggle against it, and even at that we don't make so much headway. "Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past," he assures us. But if we had less inorganic criticism, it seems to me, we should have less inorganic fiction, less inorganic literature of all sorts.

American vs. British vs. Russian

The editor of these *Best Short Stories* believes that the Americans write better short stories than the British. But in his two collections, the *Best British* and the *Best American Short Stories, 1935*, the bulk of the British is better than the bulk of the American, for the reason that in the type of short story that Edward O'Brien prefers the British have had more practice. It has been common in England almost since the type first appeared, being the only kind the high-class periodicals of the before-the-War period went in for. In America it is more recent, perhaps being extensively published only since the War.

I think he is wrong about the British technique being better; the American technique, as shown in his choices, is more expert. But the British writers have more interesting minds. While it is easier to have an interesting mind in an old country than in a new one, it does not follow necessarily that the man with the most interesting mind is the best storyteller: he can more easily get over mechanical stretches in writing.

Edward O'Brien disowns the "surprise" ending. But the surprise lack of end is surely just as bad. A great many of the stories in both volumes have no end. Of course, if a story is not moving toward one, there is no reason to tack on an artificial ending. But a number of these stories were obviously conceived by the writers as marching toward some conclusion, and then this conclusion is deliberately suppressed.

Are the stories in the volume called *Russia Laughs* any better than these American and British short stories? Some are, because they are less bound in formulas, because the author has a freer imagination than is shown by the bulk of the writers in the O'Brien volumes; there is more poetry, more dream, as there is more poetry in Maxim Gorky than in our proletarian writers and more in Chekhov than in our realists. But Mikhail Zostchenko has that slightly irritating mannerism, popularized in this country by Saroyan, of letting his mind meander around any subject that a desk or a window or a bookshelf or a stray thought suggests to him, before he gets on with his story. Sometimes when this is artfully done it is delightful and entertaining, but this Russian writer carries it too far; there is too much of it, for example, in that very good story, "What the Nightingale Sang."

Some of these stories, like "The Goat," "The Female of the Fish," "The Enchanted Villages," are excellent comedy in the rambling Russian manner. But one wonders why the volume is called *Russia Laughs*. There is no indication in the stories that Russia does any laughing; it is the author who laughs at Russia. A sentence on the jacket tells us:

> The Russian Government so admires Zostchenko for his war services and his varied abilities, his great honesty and devotion, that it allows him to live in peace and yet write with his tongue in his cheek.

In this Western republic, writers can live in peace and yet write not only with their tongues in their cheeks but with missiles in their fists, and it hasn't occurred to anyone to commend the government for it.

The Year's Plays

In contrast to Edward O'Brien's *Best Short Stories*, Burns Mantle's *Best Plays of 1934-35* is a highly entertaining and interesting volume. The editor presents the plays in a manner of his own, partly in scenes, with connecting portions narrated in the manner of stage directions, interspersed with pieces of actual dialogue, while the most dramatic scenes are given intact. The result is almost a new literary form, demanding a combination of the skill of a dramatist, a novelist, and a dramatic critic.

Presented in this shape the most powerful play of the year would seem to be *The Children's Hour*, by Lillian Hellman. Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing* would probably be more interesting for the ordinary reader presented as it is here than as given completely in his volume of *Collected Plays:* the continual brawl and the staccato speech of his characters are, after a long reading, a trifle wearing.

In this selection, the most ambitious of the plays from a literary point of view, Maxwell Anderson's *Valley Forge*, comes out rather badly. The verse is unexciting, the emotions

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seem thin and forced, the very names — Saratoga, Gates, Howe — fit very poorly into verse, and one gets the impression that the play would be better drama and better reading if written in the sort of flavored prose that Shaw put into his play of the American Revolution, *The Devil's Disciple*.

From this collection of plays we make the discovery that the most successful are of the sort that has been popular for the past couple of decades — the semirealistic play adorned with fanciful sentimental situations and sentimental idealisms with telling dialogue — such as the Pulitzer Prize winner, *The Old Maid*, John Van Druten's *The Distaff Side*, Sherwood's *Petrified Forest*, Elser's *The Farmer Takes a Wife*.

Shaw and Synge

If we take the complete plays issued in volumes — Shaw's, Synge's, O'Neill's, and those of the latest Broadway discovery, Odets — we are faced with the ancient fact that the play that is literature has an equally vigorous life in the study and on the stage; and in this respect John Synge beats all the others. This, I must own, struck me with some surprise, for I had begun to think that my feeling for Synge's characters, speech, and dramatic power was part of the enthusiasm of my 'teens, dating from the first production of *The Playboy of the Western World*.

These plays are no longer well acted by the Abbey Players, so that *The Playboy* has actually more life when read than it had when produced on Broadway last winter. For one thing, it was then played against a lifeless, colorless, and sordid *décor* that would kill any play, and the acting had become an uninspired repetition. There are many unsightly Irish pubs, but I doubt that there exists a lifeless one — the racial gift of psychic vitality prevents that — so there was no excuse for the dead scenery in that production.

The Playboy, for some reason that has always been a mystery to me, was violently hissed on its first production in the Abbey Theater. It was partly, of course, because of the ancient war between propagandists and artists that is as old as propaganda, but that is not the whole explanation. The audience, however, did not succeed in booing it off the stage, for Yeats, then the head of the Theater, rushed back from some journey he was on, lined the house with police, and made the audience listen to the play. Audiences have listened calmly enough ever since.

The young undergraduates of Dublin, reading the Greek dramatists for examination, used to smile with the brilliant ignorance and condescension of youth when Yeats would compare Synge to the Greeks, for the artists had to fight against the academic mind as well as against the national propagandists. But, to anyone reading these plays at this date side by side with the Greek dramatists, the resemblance is there inescapably. It is in *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, in *Riders to the Sea*, even in *The Playboy*. There are the same strong, easily recognizable emotions, shaped, molded, into types. Synge's is the very type of carefully wrought art in a dawning literature.

Yeats' *Deirdre* in comparison with Synge's is a modern romantic play, with the vain complexities of modern emotions, the idle aspects of sex made equal to all the others. But Synge's Deirdre is like Helen of Troy; his kings, chieftains, and princes are like immortals wandered from Olympus, struggling helplessly with the fates of mortal men. To be sure, his least good plays, like *The Well of the Saints* and *The Tinker's Wedding*, have too slow a movement and in comparison with the others are a trifle tame.

As with short stories and novels, the great fault in drama is tameness. It is a fault that is more likely to befall drama than other literary forms: the theater is a world to itself, generally at a remove from the living and thinking world, and the writer who is most apt to make a success in it is the adroit and assimilative rather than the original and creative mind.

Against the adroitness and the tameness, Shaw, Synge, O'Neill reacted in different ways. The tameness of the London theater of the 'nineties was disturbed when Shaw came along with the comedy of ideas, all spiced up with that Dublin wit and irony, something of which had been exhibited before him by Oscar Wilde. Synge strove against the tameness of the theater by bringing on his passion for personality, for rich, rounded, living speech, which was the ordinary speech of the Irish country people heightened: undoubtedly he had heard every sentence he used but he made a selection from what he had heard spoken. In contrast to

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Shaw, his humor never showed itself in witty lines: it invested the whole of a personality or of an episode. With one exception, his plays are about peasants, but his aristocratic personality, his aristocratic love of high emotions, his aristocratic discipline make the plays of our contemporaries seem noisy, brawling episodes.

As regards influence, Shaw far surpasses Synge, far surpasses, indeed, any other dramatist of our time in English. You can perceive Shaw's influence in every sort of modern dramatist, even in Eugene O'Neill, whose mentality is at an opposite pole — in fact, *Ah, Wilderness!*, the comedy of an idea-bitten youth, might be an American version of one of Shaw's plays.

All nine plays in my Shaw collection are excellent reading: the prefaces, as works of criticism, have force and clarity, conviction and wit, and what better qualities can criticism have than these four? The prefaces really deserve a volume to themselves: the best of them have as much chance of living in literature as the best of his plays — even better, perhaps.

A great deal of Shaw's drama is now deadwood. Many of his scenes creak; he has tiresome stock characters, like Britannus in *Caesar and Cleopatra;* and, like a great deal of literary work based on ideas of contemporary interest, certain of the plays are dated. But what original comedy is in *Arms and the Man!* With what lasting freshness he builds on that fundamental comedy situation — the equipped professional, disillusioned with his job, confronting the unequipped amateur, illusioned and enthusiastic, without a glimmering of an insider's understanding of how the job really gets done.

Shaw has but seldom created character, and yet the character of Morell in *Candida* is a real creation, even an actual, carefully observed type: he wears much better, to my mind, than the much-admired Candida. And the first act of *Caesar and Cleopatra* is undoubtedly among the most brilliant in the whole range of English comedy. Even those long discussions in *Man and Superman*, which we can no longer imagine on the stage, are full of insight and wisdom; they are the product of a well-equipped, a clear, and an honest mind. It will be to his drawback in literary history that he always knew more about ideas than he knew about people as individuals and that some of the ideas that engaged his mind were of only journalistic importance. But the fact remains that he was the possessor of a powerful mind — an unbrooding mind, be it admitted, the kind that does not wear well in the histories of literature — and that his writing at its best is thrilling indeed.

The Drama of the Disintegrated

If Shaw gives us the impression that he understands ideas and opinions better than people, it is the other way round with Eugene O'Neill. It is the reality of his people that strikes us most in reading his published plays. Compare any of O'Neill's tarts and streetwalkers with Darling Dora in *Fanny's First Play:* Shaw's is an abstraction; O'Neill's are real — one remembers them as people even if one does not remember a single line they spoke.

And yet, on one side of his mind, no dramatist of importance could be worse equipped than Eugene O'Neill: he has no real grasp of ideas; he is practically without oral sense; his speeches have no music, no color, and often no shape. But, for all that, he has put with intensity on the stage one aspect of American life that no other writer has managed to express at all — that curious disintegration that is never in an old civilization and that common character in American life, the disintegrated person.

To get such characters on the stage so that they are actual and convincing and even sympathetic, so that they can dominate an audience, was a feat of great originality and technical skill. Who before O'Neill managed to do this in the theater? Strindberg did, of course, but he gave them a limited range: his disintegrated people were all madmen. But O'Neill contrives to present his people as disintegrated and yet holding on to sanity. He has put a whole array of such people before us by means of his mastery of the stage and through a technique of masks and monologues.

Different as his people are from each other, they are all people without abiding places, without contacts, without pieties, without relationship to the earth under their feet, without any hold on what makes life worth living. Even the more or less sophisticated metropolitan men and women of his later work are spiritually waifs and strays, like his seamen, his prostitutes, his Negroes reverted to the forest. Recently, as if suddenly conscious of this characteristic of his people he has made an attempt to depict the integrated person — John Loving in

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Days without End and the normal and wholesome people in *Ah, Wilderness!* In spite of all his faults, his mistakes, his puerilities, there is little doubt that, if there are at present any men of genius in the theater, he is one of them.

The latest Broadway discovery, Clifford Odets, is at his beginning. Already he shows himself as possessing a power, rare in the theater of today, of depicting intimate life. All the people in *Awake and Sing* are intensely related to each other: the dramatist has succeeded in conveying an extraordinary effect of intimacy, of interdependence of character. (In John Van Druten's *The Distaff Side*, for example, the characters convey no effect of relationship or intimacy at all, though they are members of the same family: their relationship to each other is no more than a convention.)

Odets has obviously been influenced by Chekhov, but Chekhov's is a very great name, and the attempts at comparison that some of Odets' admirers have made are misleading. A few modern dramatists, as a compensation for having to work in prose, have been able to create symbols that can stir the imagination of their audiences and readers: Ibsen did it; Chekhov did it. There is not much sign of such poetic power in this dramatist at present.

Then, too, when you see a Chekhov play or read one, you have not only the present situation of the characters but their past, their connection with the landscape, their lives, behind the immediate situation. All that Odets is able to put over, at this stage of his development, is the immediate situation of his characters.

Again, he has been compared with Sean O'Casey. But O'Casey's principals are conceived poetically as well as realistically, and most of them have interior lives which inform every movement, every speech they make. Clifford Odets' people, in spite of the fact that what they demand from a revolution is really the satisfaction of a dream, are fighting materialists out of a civilization completely different from that of the Russian or the Irish dramatist: they are supposed to be on the poverty line, but to O'Casey's Dublin tenement dwellers they would be people of affluence. Like O'Neill's men and women, a great part of their conflict, especially in *Awake and Sing*, proceeds from nothing more nor less than the indiscipline of a people in transition. But Odets has his own people, his own locale, his own sort of idiom, many years of development in front of him, and these are immense assets.

EDITOR'S NOTE: — On page 278 of the November FORUM, in Mrs. Colum's article on fall books, a proofreader's error resulted in the statement that Mark Twain's philosophy consisted partially in "that interest in the study of facts which Twain minted and circulated." "Twain" should, of course, have been "Taine."

Ours Is the Song

Ours is the song and she the chorister.
As music pressed from violin and bow,
Wave upon vibrant wave of love shall flow
From our two souls to form the soul of her.

Undimmed, the radiance of our joy shall be
Caught in her tiny crescent shimmering
And from our welded hearts her heart beats ring
Forged on the anvil of our ecstacy.

Yet, there is magic mystery that lies
Within the miracle of her small being,
Each year to wax more poignant in her eyes;
And we shall marvel evermore in seeing
The subtle secret drama that is she
Focused unique against eternity.

Louise Burton Laidlaw

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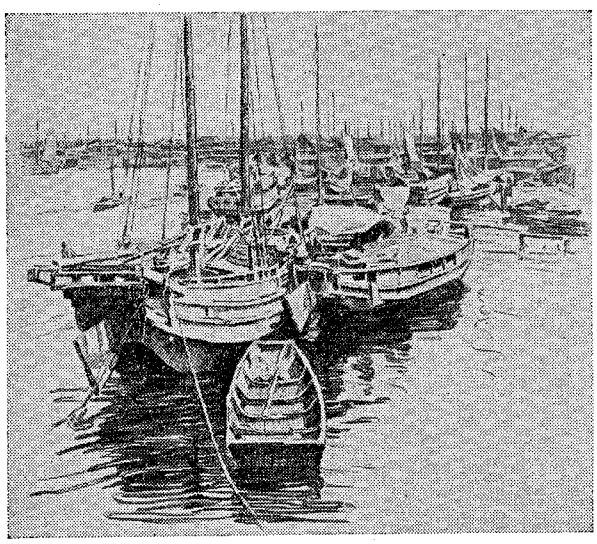
Made in Japan—II

by **GUENTHER STEIN**



BY TRADITION Japan produces goods of excellent quality. More than 300 years ago the Portuguese, the first Europeans to trade with Japan, were buying from her iron nails and plates for shipbuilding, swords, broadswords, spears, porcelain and lacquer ware. Articles made by Japanese craftsmen in the present or in the past, whether cheap or costly, are never crude. A writing brush, a woven basket, a cup, a wooden bowl, a pair of Japanese scissors, which are made in one piece, a metal teapot, tools, and other household utensils — all these articles are beautiful, practical, durable, and perfect of their kind. And the use of Japan's best and most expensive products shows them to be in many cases hardly inferior to comparable products of other countries, although they are rarely superior. The average quality of modern Japanese products is fairly good and rapidly improving. The longer an industry has been in existence, the better are its products.

Today the Japanese are "export-conscious." The figures of exports and imports, published three times a month, are anxiously discussed by officials, businessmen, and the public at large. A slight decline in exports over the ten-day period is apt to cause widespread nervousness.

Tokyo is studying the map of the world to find a way out. Nowhere are maps seen so frequently on office walls or under glass on the desk.

Seen from here, the small curve of islands in the East — facing the great Asiatic-European mainland — Nippon, colored red, is the center of the world. Where are her markets?

The British Empire is fast raising barriers against the rising flood of Japanese exports. The Soviet Union is tending toward economic self-sufficiency. The United States sells more to Japan than she buys from her.

There is China, industrially and physically undernourished. She may ultimately become Japan's most important market, but in the immediate future political hostility and the influence of the Western powers are difficult to overcome.

South of China lie wealthy tropical countries, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, and the Straits Settlements, potentially even better markets and sources of raw materials than they are at present. These countries, governed by foreign industrial powers, show a growing resistance to Japan's increasing exports.

Where the colors of the great powers fade begin new lands of promise: some in Africa, a few in Asia, many in Central and South America. But these new markets, too, have old and established trade connections; they, too, resist new exporters who are not, at the same time, purchasers of their own products. And these new markets export goods for which Japan has little use: coffee and meat, grain and copra. Here again, Japanese exports may soon find more problems than hope.

Therefore Japan concentrates her attention on countries which she either has conquered

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or controls. Formosa and Korea are themselves in need of more export markets and cannot become large importers of Japanese goods. Economically their conquest has not profited Japan. Kwantung, the Japanese outpost towards Manchukuo, and finally Manchukuo herself are long-term investments which may one day pay for themselves but which cannot for many years to come take the place of foreign markets which pay for Japanese exports in the usual way. Indeed, Manchukuo furnishes another reason why Japan must gain more world markets: she must be able to meet the tasks awaiting her in this new state.

In vain the anxious foreign-trade experts study the world map again and again. Nowhere do they find a real solution of Japan's growing problems. The map, in fact, leaves the Japanese no way but to grasp every political and economic opportunity and to fight and press forward wherever they can.

What has Japan actually achieved by her struggle to win world markets?

Competitive Goods

Today Japan exports 5 or 6 times as many finished products as she did in 1914. If the exports of 1914 are used as a basic index of 100, the quantitative development of her exports is as follows: 1914, 100; 1920, 210; 1928, 254; 1932, 325; 1934, 555.

Japan's quantitative share in the world's trade of manufactures is now almost 10 per cent.

In some products her share is much larger: in cotton tissues, for instance, it is 40 per cent. Even the average figure is lower than the shares of only the 4 great industrial powers: Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France, which together monopolize two thirds of this world trade.

Using the Bank of Japan's *Index of Wholesale Prices* to eliminate the changes in the price level, it can be calculated that the total value of Japan's exports in 1934 was 3½ times as great, though the volume was only 2½ as much, as in 1914. Altogether Japan's total exports represent only 3 per cent of world exports. Both figures, however, are misleading, if, as is often done, they are used to measure the international importance of Japan's exports. For comparisons such as these do not take note of the important difference between competitive and noncompetitive goods.

Raw silk, for example, once Japan's chief export and still the second largest item on her export list, is not a competitive article for most industrial countries; nor are menthol and other typically Japanese products objects of competition.

Cotton goods, artificial silk, bicycles, pencils, and other Japanese industrial products, on the other hand, are highly competitive. These products are becoming increasingly important in Japan's exports, whereas silk and camphor are less so than they were. Noncompetitive goods must be eliminated, in order to make it clear that the relatively slow rise of total exports conceals a far greater success in the field of manufactured goods.

In a comparison of Japanese exports with the total exports of other countries, only comparable goods can be used: grain, other foodstuffs, and raw materials, for instance — the most important items in world trade — cannot be compared with manufactured goods, the largest item in Japanese exports. Japanese exports of competitive goods must be compared with world exports of competitive goods.

A comparison of the value of these goods, even in gold, would be equally misleading, for in many cases the prices of competitive Japanese goods are lower than the prices of such goods produced elsewhere. For 1,000,000,000 square yards of Japanese cotton cloth represent a fifth of the world trade in cotton tissues as accurately as 1,000,000,000 square yards of the English material, even though the latter is considerably more expensive than the Japanese product. The true picture can be revealed only by a comparison of quantities.

On these grounds we have, by way of approximate calculations, reached conclusions which may well destroy the illusion that Japanese exports are not very important.

Industrially competitive goods (by this we mean all those goods quoted in the Japanese trade statistics as in addition to cotton yarn, wheat flour, refined sugar, beer, and tinned foodstuffs) are now an increasingly important item in Japan's total exports, particularly during recent years. In 1928 these goods represented only about half her total exports; in 1934 they represented nearly three quarters, and the total itself had risen considerably. Japan's rapid industrialization and the sharp

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drop in the price of raw silk, her noncompetitive staple commodity, have been important factors in this development.

Textiles still head the list of Japanese exports of competitive goods, and cotton tissues are the chief item among textiles.

Today Japan is the largest exporter of cotton tissues in the world; her share, 40 per cent, is larger than that of Great Britain. The British record, established shortly before the war, was 7,000,000,000 square yards of cotton tissues. At that time Japan was not a serious competitor. A few figures will illustrate the later development of British and Japanese exports of cotton tissues (in millions of yards):

	Great Britain	*Japan*
1928	3,866	1,419
1932	2,198	2,032
1934	1,995	2,568

Great Britain's exports of cotton tissues have gone back to the figures of the '60's, when feudal Japan was opened by force to international trade. At that time Japan had hardly any industry worthy of the name, and Japanese pioneers were coming to England to study Western spinning methods. And today Japan is ahead of Great Britain by 500,000,000 square yards!

True, total world trade in cotton goods has decreased because of the depression and because domestic cotton industries have developed in countries which were formerly important customers. And Lancashire, in many ways so backward, has lost far more export trade than progressive Osaka has gained.

Japan's artificial silk exports — and Japan has been producing this commodity for only a few years — have also gone beyond Great Britain's figure. Since 1933 Japan has been the second largest producer of artificial silk — immediately behind the United States.

In 1930–32 Japan's young woollen industry exported only 2,500,000 yen worth of cloth; in 1934 this figure represented the average of monthly exports. The exports of all other textiles — knitted goods, shirts, and underwear — have risen by more than half during the same period.

Japan began her career in world markets as a simple exporter of raw silk. During the second phase of her development as an exporter, cotton tissues seemed the only item which could be added. Soon, however, in the third phase, she became a leading exporter of artificial silk and of other textiles. And already the fourth phase has begun, for of late the exports of all textile products have been exceeded by the exports of nontextile "general industrial merchandise."

This sensational development occurred in 1934. In 1932 nontextiles represented only 37 per cent of Japan's total exports of competitive manufactured articles; in 1933, when both textile and total exports rose sharply, nontextiles were 41 per cent; and in 1934, when exports as a whole had risen again, nontextiles were 46 per cent. Japan has become an all-round exporter of industrial products. Textiles are no longer her chief export item.

The nontextiles which Japan today exports, up to a value of at least $5,000,000 each, include the following: tinned foodstuffs; wheat flour; refined sugar; drugs and chemicals; dyes, paints, etc.; boots and shoes; buttons and jewelry; paper; potteries; glass and glassware; iron rails; enameled ware, cutlery, and nails; clocks and scientific instruments; lamps; toys.

In 1934 the exports of all of these nontextile manufactures were 2½ times as high as Japan's total imports of wholly manufactured articles; while in 1932 they were only twice as high as these imports. Japan's excess of production in almost every branch of industry, a development which began only a few years ago, is rapidly increasing.

Selling Silk Against Cotton

The trade between Japan and the United States consists chiefly in an exchange of Japanese raw silk for American raw cotton. Trade in the former, a luxury article in the U. S. A., was seriously affected by the depression. The latter is of prime necessity for Japan. The price of raw silk depends almost entirely upon the American demand, as the U. S. A. purchases about 90 per cent of Japan's total raw-silk exports; and prices have dropped sharply. The price of raw cotton, on the other hand, a commodity imported by many countries, has shown a far smaller decline. This means that the conditions of this barter trade have recently been very unfavorable to Japan.

From 1921 to 1927 Japan exchanged, on an

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average, 1 pound of raw silk for slightly more than 30 pounds of American raw cotton. In 1932 she received only 20 pounds of cotton for 1 pound of her raw silk and in 1934 only 9 pounds of cotton for 1 pound of raw silk. Formerly Japan had not only paid for most of her raw-cotton imports by selling raw silk to the U. S. A. but had a considerable surplus to sell for cash. In 1934 this was reversed: Japan's sales of raw silk to the U. S. A. were only about half the value of her own increased demand for American raw cotton.

That is the Japanese-American trade problem in a nutshell. Japan's situation is actually worse, for, apart from raw cotton, she must import other necessary raw materials from the United States, while the latter needs relatively few Japanese goods other than raw silk. In 1934 Japan had an adverse trade balance with the U. S. A. of 370,000,000 yen, though until recently it had always been in favor of Japan. But from what has been said it will be clear that in any trade negotiations with the United States Japan's position would be hopeless.

Only a rise of raw-silk prices, which have been extremely low for many years, could change Japan's unfavorable trade balance with the U. S. A., which is one of the secondary reasons for Japan's export drive on world markets.

There is another reason why low prices for raw silk are closely connected with the increase of Japanese export competition: 2,000,000 of the 5,000,000 Japanese peasant families breed silkworms, either as a full-time occupation or to supplement their recurring losses from rice farming. The fall in raw-silk prices has meant terrible poverty for these farmers, who, without profits, cultivate the mulberry trees so that the "honorable silkworms" shall be fed by night and day. Much of the surplus labor which is depressing the level of wages belongs to this farmer class.

If the depression continues and if a further improvement of artificial silk adversely affects the demand for raw silk, Japanese silk culture will gradually be restricted, and both the decrease in wages and the further industrialization of the country will be stimulated.

New Markets

With the growing domestic pressure of industrialization and with increasing resistance of established markets to Japanese exports, small and large Japanese exporters, as well as the resourceful Japanese press, have begun to direct their attention to so-called new markets.

The government supports these efforts. Expeditions of investigation or propaganda are sent to the far corners of the globe, and foreign visitors and diplomats from politically unimportant countries are received with studied courtesy in Japan. Japan's international political prestige is growing, and these countries, some of whom do not feel quite comfortable under the influence of another great power, sometimes return these courtesies most graciously — perhaps harboring certain political hopes.

The success of such efforts to win new markets is clearly reflected by the figures of exports to what the statistics, after mentioning 68 countries by name, call "other" countries. In 1932 "others" imported an average of 2,000,000 yen worth of Japanese goods every month; in 1933 this figure had risen to a little over 5,000,000 yen; and in 1934 it was almost 12,000,000 yen. In 1932, on the other hand, Japan imported from them a monthly average of goods valued at only 500,000 yen; in 1933 the figure was 1,000,000 yen; and in 1934 not quite 2,000,000.

These "others" are, therefore, becoming less anonymous as far as Japan is concerned, for they are beginning to demand reciprocity or at least more Japanese purchases of their own goods in return. It is typical that the small state of San Salvador, for instance, after a brief honeymoon of friendship with powerful Japan, has now raised a higher tariff wall against Japanese imports than has any other country, because trade between the unequal partners became dangerously one-sided. The same development is occurring all over Latin America and in many other small countries; for Japan's intention of stimulating cotton planting and wool growing in these regions by delivery contracts, in order to develop the new markets and to emancipate herself from the United States and Australia, have not yet been carried out in a single case.

Japan undoubtedly performs pioneer work in many of her new export markets and in many low-standard countries as well, for her cheap goods are reaching classes of consumers

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who formerly could not buy any modern products at all. Japan thus prepares the way for the products of other countries, who, often, following Japan's lead, become interested in exporting articles which they had previously neglected. A report of the Nairobi correspondent of the *London Times* is symptomatic of this development. He writes:

> Medical officers in Tanganyika declare that the purchase of cheap Japanese rubber shoes has done more to prevent hookworm disease than all the efforts of the health department.

That the Japanese are fully conscious of this function of their export activities is shown by the following passage, quoted by the *Osaka Mainichi* from the report of a Japanese export expedition to Africa:

> To enable these naked people to put on clothes and to enable them to replace coconut tableware with enameled ware and porcelain ware made in Japan may perhaps be a responsibility to be shouldered by the Japanese.

China and Manchukuo

Japan has always considered China her natural market, and the world's resistance to her exports has made her particularly aware of China's existence.

The chaotic conditions prevailing in China make her a narrow market in relation to her large population and her huge area. China's foreign and domestic trade in modern industrial products is still confined to the towns on the coast and along the shores of the Yangtze.

Even if China's total import demands were supplied by Japan, this would represent only half of Japan's total exports. Besides, Chinese imports consist largely of raw materials and foodstuffs, which Japan cannot supply. A theoretical Japanese foreign-trade monopoly in China would, therefore, only absorb a third of Japan's total exports, unless China were to be developed on a large scale by costly investments of capital.

At present, Japan must share exports into China with other countries. The United States, who supplies industrial machinery as well as raw materials and foodstuffs, exports to China twice as much as Japan. Great Britain is also ahead of Japan on the list, and Germany is not far behind.

Domestic Chinese industries, furthermore, are becoming increasingly formidable rivals of Japanese exporters in Chinese markets. Chinese industries are growing in the large cities and along the coast, where districts are unaffected by civil war and other disturbances. From the employers' point of view, wage conditions in China are even more favorable than they are in Japan. Japanese capital, especially in the textile industry, is stimulating this development.

Today China buys only about 7 per cent of Japan's total exports; that is to say, she takes less than the group of small, new markets designated merely as "others" in Japanese trade statistics. Japan's share in Chinese imports does not appear to be much larger, even if deliveries by way of the British port of Hong Kong are taken into consideration in computing the total.

Japan's political attitude toward China is the chief reason for her small exports to that country. True, the boycott movement is not as strong as it was; people are tired of it, and Japanese pressure on Nanking is taking effect. Still, Japan's average monthly exports to China proper are now only half as large as they were in 1930, before the Manchurian "incident."

But the high price of silver and the trade depression are even greater factors than the dislike of Japan. The aim of Japan's foreign policy is to conquer this prejudice, to develop economic co-operation with China and eventually to create an economic "bloc" comprising Japan, China, and Manchukuo.

To a certain extent Manchukuo has compensated Japan for her losses in China. Including all the present and former Chinese territories as a basis of calculation — China proper, Manchukuo, and Kwantung leased territory, important for both countries as a trade center — Japanese exports from 1930 to 1934 have increased by half — a rise equal to that in Japan's total world exports. Trade with China has changed, however, and exports against cash have been largely replaced by exports for investment. The continuation of this trade depends upon Japan's ability to repeat such investments and upon the rapidity and degree with which present investments begin to yield returns. In other words it depends upon whether or not Manchukuo will become a going concern. Naturally, Japan controls the majority of total imports into Manchukuo, which, stimulated by Japanese investments,

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represent about a third of China proper's total imports.

Japan, with her dependency, Korea, supplies more than two thirds of all Manchurian imports. Japan and Korea, on the other hand, purchase only about half of Manchuria's exports. As a result the Manchurian trade balance has become "passive." Japan will not always be able or willing to finance this deficit with credits. She will probably be forced, after organizing an economic bloc with Manchukuo, to find more world markets, not only for her own chiefly industrial products but also for Manchukuo's agricultural products. Manchukuo, like Korea, may develop into a liability instead of an asset for the eager Japanese exporters.

Despite the economic alliance with Manchukuo or perhaps because of it, Japan must continue her fight for world markets with renewed vigor.

(*This is the second of two articles by Mr. Stein.*)

Nancy Astor, Pioneer

by **ROBERT BERNAYS**

It is just fifteen years ago that Lady Astor entered the House of Commons as the first woman Member. In that time she has become, next to the Queen, the best known woman in England. As well try and keep Bernard Shaw out of the newspapers as Lady Astor. But she does not seek publicity. Indeed some of her most valuable work is done by stealth. The reason is that her personality is so vital and vivid that everything that she says and does is front-page news.

I know no better way of gauging public opinion on the personalities of politics than by taking visitors round the House of Commons. In the degree of interest taken in the great men who pass in the corridors, one can pretty accurately test their position in the public mind. There are perhaps four or five men whom all want to see, the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Lansbury. Next and almost equal in popular interest come a strange pair — Mr. Maxton and Lady Astor.

Mr. Maxton undoubtedly has his appearance to help him. With those sallow features, that mass of black hair hanging over his collar, those compelling eyes, he looks like an embodied revolution. Timid electors look at him and think of barricades and September massacres — quite wrongly, for Mr. Maxton is neither a fanatic nor a doctrinaire and certainly is one of the kindest men in the House. But Lady Astor has none of these adventitious aids to recognition. She is the only woman who has adopted a Parliamentary uniform like the dark coat and striped trousers of the men. It is a study in black and white and, though she looks extraordinarily well in it, in no way can it be called exciting. Her whole object, so far as dress is concerned, is not to attract attention. As she said on the eve of her election at Plymouth, as the first woman Member of Parliament, "I want to be regarded as a regular working Member of Parliament and not as a curiosity."

What, then, is the secret of her hold on the public imagination? Partly it is the admiration for the woman who, with every obstacle in her path, has "arrived." It was not easy, in the

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starched atmosphere of the Edwardian Era, for one who was an American and had a sharp tongue. But she took the fences of London society as easily as when, as one of the lovely Langhorne sisters, she had galloped over her father's plantation in Virginia. Then came the war and with it the breakdown of the barriers against women. The portals of the House of Commons were thrown open. But the electors showed a marked reluctance to let any woman go through them. In the election of 1918 not a single woman got within sight of victory. Then Lord Astor succeeded to the peerage, creating a vacancy in the Sutton Division of Plymouth, and Lady Astor rushed into the fray. She had many factors against her. She was a woman and she was a foreigner. But she carried all before her, and within a month was being escorted by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour up the floor of the House of Commons.

Her troubles had only begun. There was a powerful section in the House determined to make her membership so uncomfortable that she would not seek it again. "They tried to freeze me out," she told me once. "Men whom I had known for years would not speak to me if they passed me in the corridors. They tried to break my spirit. They said I would not last six months. But I stuck it out."

She did and by methods all her own. I like particularly the story of a very distinguished cabinet minister noted for his caustic comments, meeting her in one of the corridors and feeling at last compelled to offer congratulations on her election. "But I have been in the House six months," replied Lady Astor, "and you have not taken the slightest notice of me." "No," he said, "I don't like women in Parliament and when you took your seat I endured the same kind of embarrassment as I would if a lady invaded my bathroom." Lady Astor was fully equal to the occasion. "If I were as ugly as you," she flashed out, "I should have no fear of any lady invading my bathroom."

Another member interrupted her with some offensive comment on her sex. In an instant she was on him like a terrier with a rat. "If I told all I knew about the Honorable Member, I should give the House something to think about."

It is no idle threat. *Nemo me impune lacessit* might well be the Astor motto. Horatio Bottomley discovered that. He made a Himalayan blunder when he set out to destroy Lady Astor by issuing an infamous article entitled "Lady Astor's Divorce" and unearthing the unhappy story of her first marriage. Her part in it, though very painful, was wholly honorable to herself, and she took the wise course of telling her constituents all the facts of the case. But she never forgave Bottomley. From that moment the net was drawn tighter and tighter, and from it not even he could escape. Within two years Bottomley was undergoing a sentence of seven years' penal servitude. At the election that followed she was not slow to point out the lesson. "The brewers," she said, "paid Horatio Bottomley to try and take my moral character away. Well, I've still got my character, but Bottomley is in jail."

A Good Show

Lady Astor has not an easy constituency to fight, in the heart of industrial Plymouth. But she has won through against all comers — Labor, Liberal and brewers' candidates. She does it by a combination of practical sympathy with the needs of the poor and the sheer audacity of her methods of electioneering.

She is not a good platform speaker in the formal sense, but when she is roused I know of few men who can hit harder at interrupters. "Your husband is a millionaire," taunted a heckler in one of her campaigns. She was on him in a second. "Well, wouldn't you like to be a millionaire? Let any man in this hall stand up, who would not like to be a millionaire. I should really like to see him." None stood up.

"The House of Commons," said Bolingbroke, "loves the man who shows it sport." So do the electors. When Lady Astor is on the

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platform, they know it will be as exhilarating as a good football match.

But she can be serious and still remain deadly shrewd. "Christ would have been a socialist," shouted another interrupter. "Oh, no," she said, "Christianity is discontent with yourself, socialism is discontent with your neighbor."

Lady Astor is no respecter of persons. She just blurts out what is in her head. "Oh you old ruffian," she addressed Mr. Lloyd George once, "I cannot help liking you." She had a three-hour interview with Mr. Gandhi and told him exactly what she thought of Hinduism. It is not recorded what Mr. Gandhi thought of Lady Astor. Her critics pretended to be shocked when, with reference to the Prince of Wales, she said one day at a public gathering, "I love that boy." There was no affectation in it. The Prince of Wales has shown himself increasingly a champion of social causes and as such has appealed straight to the heart of Lady Astor.

Courageous, if Foolish

There is a certain tendency among women Members of Parliament to suggest that her enthusiasm is inclined to be shrill, that her jokes border on the vulgar: to join, in fact, with the smug among the male members in condemning her as "bad form." They might be more charitable if they remembered that Lady Astor had once to bear alone the brunt of male prejudice in the House of Commons — prejudice of a character that ten years afterward seems incredible. Lady Astor met it and beat it, and the unruffled life of the woman Member of Parliament today is the result.

I do not deny that there are some occasions in the House of Commons when her firmest friends pray that she may keep silent. She will labor a question by incessant and irrelevant interruption until she begins to alienate its warmest supporters; she will fall into unedifying altercations with the less responsible members of the Labor Party on the flimsiest provocation; and her repartee, though always smart, would sometimes have been better left unsaid.

But, for all that, she prosecutes social causes, popular and unpopular, with a zeal and energy that leave her more pedestrian fellow Members gasping.

She has political courage of a high order, as was shown, for instance, only last July in her advocacy of birth control. It is in England the most dangerous cause that any Member of Parliament can champion. It entails the implacable hostility of the Catholic voters, who, though usually only a small minority of the electorate, can often sway, if they act together, the issue of an election. But no consideration of that kind affects Lady Astor. She has decided that birth control is right, and nothing will prevent her from saying so in the House of Commons.

"Many years ago," she confessed, "I did not believe in these birth-control clinics — I do not know whether it was due to religious views or why it was: but when I saw the appalling things that were going on, my attitude changed. . . . I hope that the Minister of Health will take a courageous line on this matter. We know that many sections of the community and many religious bodies do not believe in it, but England is a Protestant country. We must have the courage of our convictions." It was bravely said and made a deep impression on all parties.

She gets things done, too. However ridiculous may have been some of her remarks on the drink trade, her extraordinary persistence secured the much needed reform by which persons under eighteen cannot be supplied with wine or spirits. It is not a little due to her untiring exposure of the evils of child labor in the unregulated trades that she has extracted from the government a solemn pledge to introduce legislation the moment that the state of trade permits. She may create an uproar at question time on half a dozen occasions in a single afternoon by making grotesquely irrelevant queries about nursery schools, but the fact is that nursery schools are now on the map as a practical subject for legislation; and Lady Astor has put them there.

She will fight for causes almost to the point of physical violence. There was one occasion when Lord Banbury — then Sir Frederick Banbury, the champion obstructionist in the House of Commons — was holding up some measure of social reform in which she was passionately interested. It was vital that a division should take place before four o'clock, when on Friday afternoon the House rises. If a member is still speaking when the clock strikes, the Speaker automatically adjourns the debate, and the bill is virtually dead.

At three fifty-eight, the Member who had

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been speaking reached his peroration, and there were loud cries for a division. But immediately Sir Frederick Banbury began to show signs of determination to continue the debate and talk out the bill. It was too much for Lady Astor.

"I have tried kindness," she said; "I have tried rudeness; now I shall try force — I shall hold on to your coattails, and you shall not rise."

"You are not strong enough," he said blandly and rose to kill the bill.

"Oh, you old villain," said Lady Astor, "I'll get you yet." And of course she did.

Critics who deride Lady Astor's parliamentary methods forget what courage it takes to stand up in the House of Commons and face a hostile chamber. It cannot be pleasant, every time you rise to force home a point in a supplementary question, to be greeted with a roar of "Sit down!" "Shut up, Nancy!" "Go back to America!" There are not many men who are willing to face prolonged barracking of that kind. There is nothing harder to bear than the feeling that you are regarded as "bad form."

I fancy that Lady Astor is as sensitive as any political youngster, but outwardly she is quite imperturbable. She just goes on until, exasperated by its failure to silence her, the House allows her to be heard, or, as more often happens, the Speaker ends it by calling the next question. To see her, flushed but determined, carried away by zeal for her cause into, perhaps, some rather undignified passage of arms with opponents and patently steeling herself against their insults is to understand something of the mentality and suffering of the militant suffragette of pre-War days.

Lady Astor's physical courage is unbounded. Returning one night from an election meeting to her house in Plymouth, she found a ruffian threatening her in her hall. She cowed him by the sheer force of her will, and he took to his heels. But he did not know Lady Astor. She pursued him through the stables into the street and when he tried to take refuge in a public house she ran in after him and chased him out the other side. Finally he was captured, and Lady Astor refused to prosecute. "I only wanted his name in the public interest," she said.

A Unique Hostess

It is perhaps outside Parliament that her most valuable work is done. As a political hostess she has no equal. In spite of the slump and increased taxation there is still a substantial measure of political entertaining. There is Londonderry House, where the Conservatives meet, and Wimborne House, where the Simon Liberals are entertained, and Lord Allendale's lovely mansion in Piccadilly, which is the meeting ground for all other Liberals, and there are many houses, like those of Frances Lady Warwick and Lady Cripps, where socialists forgather. But at the Astors' house in St. James' Square there are no party labels. You will meet there the Prime Minister and David Kirkwood (the most fiery of the Clydeside socialists), Ramsay Macdonald, a socialist editor, and Lord Beaverbrook. And not merely politicians but every grade of society will be represented. There will be Salvation Army lasses and Rhodes scholars and society debutantes, social workers and left-wing authors by the dozen, and droves of distinguished foreigners. I cannot believe that there is any man or woman in *Who's Who* who has not at one time or another enjoyed the boundless hospitality of 4 St. James' Square.

It is perhaps the only house in London where the Prince of Wales can meet ordinary men, freed from the formalities of official dinner parties or grand tours of inspection. In England the average back-bench politician, even if he is a potential cabinet minister, never really meets the royal family on any terms approaching intimacy until he is actually a member of the government. On at least two occasions of the last Parliament, Lady Astor gave small parties for young Members "to meet the Prince of Wales." They might have been dreary gatherings — for shyness in the presence of the great dies hard in the young, particularly the products of Eton and the Guards, with which this Parliament abounded. But Lady Astor would turn a party of archdeacons into an uproarious success. And for every man whom she brought up to the Prince she had some quip or gay piece of chaff which put both at their ease. It was superbly done.

I remember one occasion when Mr. David Kirkwood was there. He naturally did not wear evening dress. No doubt he would call it the "livery of capitalism." But you can visit Lady Astor's house in dungarees if you are so disposed. That is why a socialist can go there without being called to account by his local

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caucus. Lady Astor has established a position where to consort with her, though she has married one of the richest men in England, is not to be regarded even by the Independent Labor Party as compromising with mammon. On this occasion Mr. Kirkwood had half an hour's conversation with the Prince of Wales. It was a strange sight — the heir to the throne, in tail coat and rows of decorations, and the most aggressive (not to say republican) socialist in Great Britain, in a blue lounge suit, on the background of the green and gold drawing room of the Astor mansion.

Mr. Kirkwood was obviously at his ease — voluble and gesticulating as if still in the House of Commons. It was clear that he was describing the terrible conditions of Glasgow, and the Prince was listening with the utmost intentness, as a man who wanted to know the truth and felt he was getting pretty near it. But none will know what the Prince said to Mr. Kirkwood or what Mr. Kirkwood said to the Prince, for, though the whole press of London tried to interview him, the former played the game and refused to betray a syllable.

A foreigner who was watching the scene that night whispered to me, "This could not happen in any other country in the world. You are a wonderful people." I did not disillusion him by saying that neither could it happen in any other great house in London. But it was true.

The Political Week End

Lady Astor's week-end parties at Cliveden, her West Country place in the Thames valley, are a national institution. Americans, I believe, find it difficult to understand our political week ends. They can envisage a house party only as a collection of more or less uncongenial people brought together to play golf and in the intervals tearing about the countryside to lunch or dine in one another's houses. The idea of politics being the binding force of the party is inconceivable. It is therefore all the more remarkable to find an American perfecting the art of political entertaining.

Yet Cliveden is only St. James' Square extended from a single evening to a Saturday-to-Monday affair. All the same crowd is there. The only difference is that the guests have a real opportunity to learn to know each other.

Lady Astor presides over it all with infectious good nature and inexhaustible animation. She will keep the breakfast table in a ripple of merriment with her sallies and then will spirit away a social worker, one of her guests, to plan some new campaign against sweated hours. She will be back again an hour afterward to organize a foursome on the local golf links and at lunch she will be in deep conversation on disarmament with some cabinet minister who has just arrived from London to meet a foreign statesman, away from the prying eyes of a too inquisitive press.

So it goes on all through the week end. You may be involved in an intricate discussion on the new unemployment-insurance bill one moment and be playing a hair-raising game of bicycle polo with her young sons the next. A week end at Cliveden is not merely the greatest fun but of the greatest value. At a time when the gulf of party is widening and there is a real danger that the reaction from the present National Government may be extreme socialism and the reaction from that some kind of Fascism, the bridge that Lord and Lady Astor are at such pains to build is of very high social importance.

Party government depends, after all, on the existence, despite fierce differences, of a mutual respect between opponents and of a common agreement upon fundamentals. Lady Astor does not a little to provide it. It is not an exaggeration to say that her home is a no man's land between rival forces. If that battle is ever joined, so far as democrats are concerned, it does not matter who wins, for they will lose.

That is why I regard Lady Astor as one of the most vital forces in English politics.

Next month:
"The New Crusade,"
the story of Toyohiko Kagawa,
Japanese leader of the co-operative movement,
by Bertram B. Fowler

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Taxes and Labor

by **EDWARD E. LOOMIS**

TAXES — MORE AND more taxes! They now face us at every turn. Income, excess-profits, capital-stock, franchise, dividends, estate, inheritance, gift, tobacco, liquor, documentary-stamp, manufacturers' excise, pay-roll, communications, gross-receipts, admissions, club-dues, processing, sales, and gasoline are but some of the familiar taxes by means of which the government is exacting from its citizens not millions but billions of dollars each year.

Consider some late figures showing where our government's financial policies are leading us. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1935, total collections by the federal government reached the colossal sum of $3,800,000,000. Yet that amount failed by more than $3,500,000,000 to meet the appropriations for the same period. In other words, federal outgo is almost twice federal income. This total of over $7,000,000,000 is the equivalent of almost one third of the expenditures of the federal government during the first 124 years of its existence.

In addition, the present administration has provided for emergency expenditures or appropriations, not included in the budget, which bring the total to almost $11,000,000,000, a terrific obligation falling on the shoulders of the taxpayers, because now and in the future these emergency expenditures, as well as general expenses, must be paid. The only way that can be accomplished is through additional taxes.

Staggering as these figures are, legislation passed by the Congress in the closing days of the last session, including such laws as the social-security act and the railroad retirement act, will levy further burdensome taxes, the extent of which cannot even be guessed, upon industry and individuals. The social-security bill alone authorized appropriations from the United States Treasury of $100,491,000, for so-called grants-in-aid to the States, for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1935. In addition, there are appropriations of almost $1,000,000 for administrative purposes for the same period; thereafter, provision is made for levying specific and special taxes upon wage earners and upon employers to provide for the ever increasing demands of this type of legislation.

Heretofore the American people have won and held an outstanding position in the world through a principle and practice based on an effective system of individual effort as the best means of promoting national progress, as well as personal comfort and prosperity. Under the new governmental pension system, however, the tendency is to discourage initiative and the habit of thrift, because the hard-working and saving taxpayer may well feel that he is penalized for the support of the lazy and improvident.

It is a foregone conclusion, too, that the operation of the social-security act will tend to reduce wages. The only source of both wages and profits is production. The resultant reservoir of funds is definitely limited. The greater the amount diverted for future security, the less will be available for present-day wages and profits. It must be learned by employees, as well as by employers, that industrial taxes cannot always be paid out of profits and that ever-increasing taxes can have the effect of destroying not only profits but industry itself.

One of the most sinister aspects of the tax situation is the effort of clever politicians to persuade the wage earner that he pays no taxes. Of course, it is obvious that a "soak-the-rich" program will produce only a small return and that it is arranged solely for effect. It may possibly be good politics but it is hopeless economics. Without question the great volume of the tax burden rests finally upon the shoulders of that common man — the ultimate consumer — whether he knows it or not and whether he likes it or not.

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II

WE READ MUCH of the decentralization of business and we are now devoting a lot of study to this phase of our economic life. But, if we look around, we find that our policy of taxation is shifting the location of industries quite regardless of any plan. When a long-established and successful business discovers that it can no longer live under the tax burden of some particular State, it naturally seeks a new location where it has a chance to exist. In addition to the movement from one locality to another within the country, some important manufacturing industries have been driven to establish branch plants in foreign countries, with resultant serious losses to labor here. The railroads have been particular sufferers from these removals, because of the loss of the transportation of manufactured goods for export.

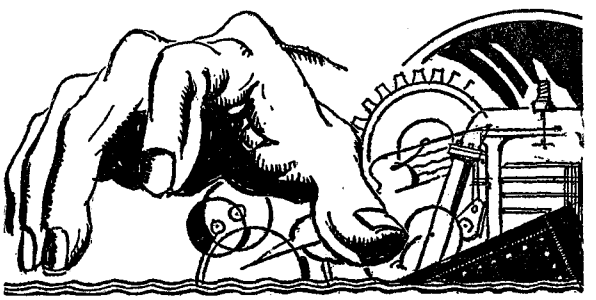
There is nothing surprising about an industrial move of this sort. While we must expect private business to pay its fair share toward the support of all proper governmental activities, still, in the interest of sound and lasting prosperity, we cannot afford anywhere to suffocate established business with taxes for the support of projects which mean little more than a political distribution of public funds.

So far as the railroads are concerned, they are engaged in the business of providing transportation service and they are dependent solely upon shippers and travelers for income. When you impose undue restrictions upon business and the volume of trade and commerce declines, the traffic volume of the railroads will dwindle. When you impair the earning power of the railways, you limit their ability to buy the products of other industries which depend upon the rail carriers for the backlog of their sales. Industries and the railroads must be permitted to prosper if labor is to be assured employment.

When railroad taxes or railroad payrolls are increased, some thought must be given to income. But these additional burdens are often imposed with no regard for income. As a result, the railroad management has no alternative: it must find the money to pay these increases, and it is forced to a policy of the most drastic economy — which may mean further reductions in working forces and employment. We may not like this, but there is no other way.

The railroad industry recently has had a further bitter taste of taxes. Already, in 1934, paying $243,812,732, something less than the all-time peak of more than $1,000,000 a day, reached in 1929, the railroads are confronted with the additional annual burden laid upon them by the various social-security laws.

The tax law enacted in connection with the railroad retirement act not only imposes an excise tax of 3½ per cent upon wages (up to



$300 a month) paid to all railroad employees, to be met by the railroads themselves, but also an income tax on every railroad employee, amounting to 3½ per cent of his wages up to $300 per month. As an example, every railroad man earning as much as $300 a month must pay $10.50 a month in this special income tax, in addition to all other taxes. Those earning lesser amounts pay in proportion.

The effect on the railroads of these various social-security laws is estimated to be taxes increasing from $53,000,000 in 1936 to $215,000,000 25 years hence. In view of the fact that the Class I railroads of the United States have been unable to earn their fixed charges — interest on bonds, etc.— during the past 3 years, a rather difficult situation is going to develop.

It has been facetiously suggested by someone that the railroads can meet this added obligation only by further borrowing from the federal government. The practical solution, a solution which railroad managements will be forced to take with very great regret, will probably be a still further reduction in employment and a withdrawal of other benefits, such as group insurance, various relief payments, and voluntary obligations of like character. Little or no consideration has been given to the ability of the railroads to pay this enormous tax bill, and it is evident that even less thought has been devoted to the effect it will have upon the rank and file of railroad employees.

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III

THOSE WHO ADVOCATE government ownership of the railroads and other industries seem to ignore the true relationship of governmental business activity to the burden of taxes. Private business venture is a taxpayer. Government business venture is a tax consumer. When government enters business in competition with its taxpaying citizens, it destroys its most important tax source. As government encroaches upon private business, it demands more and more from taxpaying groups which, when not actually taxed out of existence, become weaker and weaker in ability to pay. For instance, under normal business conditions, the enormous sums paid by the railroads in taxes are available for the support of the various government functions. (About 45 per cent of all rail taxes go to the support of the public schools.) In the event of government ownership of railroads, who will replace the carriers with this contribution to the common tax pot? The answer is simple — this enormous amount will be spread over the remaining taxpayers.

Over the past 30 years our population has increased 66 per cent; our national wealth has increased approximately 50 per cent; our national income has increased 120 per cent; railway-property investment has increased 120 per cent; and railway gross income has increased about 66 per cent. But railway taxes have increased 290 per cent. In other words, while all taxes in the United States have been rising by leaps and bounds, the growth of railway taxes is alarming. During these past 3 decades the rate of increase has been nearly 4½ times as great as the rate of the population's growth; more than 5 times as great as the increase in national wealth, and about 2½ times as great as the increase in national income.

It must be apparent that our tax bill is the major public question of today and that it demands the attention of every business enterprise and of every citizen as well. If the government continues its policy of taxing all the people in order to carry on business in competition with some of the people, our industrial life will cease to expand, and employment will naturally decrease. The more tax dollars for government, the less wage dollars for workmen. In short, the more the government goes into business, the less business there will be for anyone else.

The situation is tremendously disturbing. I have no quarrel with the legitimate relief expenditures of the past few years. Our people cannot be left to starve. But I find myself in serious disagreement with much of that philosophy from which flows the unbridled spending of the day. What everyone desires is a return to normal conditions — a chance to labor and a chance to enjoy the fruits of such achievement as our capacity and willingness to work may bring to us. We cannot spend ourselves back to prosperity. We shall never get back on the old road by curtailing production. That way, as sure as the sun rises, lies the route to a lower standard of living and a denial in large part of the fruits of initiative, of ambition, and of toil.

Shall we continue only to grumble about the heavy burden of taxes and do nothing? Or shall we make an intelligent use of the ballot and begin the long task of winning back to a rational economy by placing in office and on guard men who are pledged to eliminate the twin evils of government in business and government bureaucracy — the source of our tax burden? When government steps out of its business ventures and sets its own house in order, confidence will return, legitimate business will have a chance, and prosperity will be here.

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The Failure of the Art Critics—II

by **RALPH M. PEARSON**

Our art "critics" today are journalists; they are not critics of art.

THE REASONS for the failure of current art criticism to be criticism were stated rather fully in last month's article. The major reasons, to summarize briefly, are the lack of comprehension of pictorial form and the habitual failure to distinguish the various types of artists and work with the values involved. These two failures are natural enough in the case of literary minds which have not experienced the thing they are writing about. Alone, I am arguing, they definitely disqualify even the most brilliant of writers from claiming the title "critic."

ELISABETH LUTHER CARY, *New York Times*

ONE OF THE more intelligent discussions bearing on the present issue that I have seen penned by an art critic is on "plastic intensity," by Elisabeth Luther Cary, dean of critics on the *New York Times*. Quoting two artists, who had written in to her urging "plastic intensity" as a criterion of value in deciding on the Radio City murals, she tries to understand their definitions (which are the current ones of the leading moderns), then comments as follows (the italics are mine):

> Still the word "plastic," determining this highly specialized phrase, doubtless gives to it in the mind of the artist *a significance impossible for the layman to realize in the same degree.* So far as I can put into words my own impression — which is not very far — it signifies the artist's *sense of life inherent in his material,* which he as creator must draw out and to which he must entrust his own thought and feeling. The greater the "intensity" with which he feels the life of his material and the chance it offers his creative passion, the greater will be his effort to explore to the fullest depth its possibilities in the compact, coherent, and richly organized expression of his initial idea. He and his material, which includes not only stone, clay, or pigment but color, lines, and planes, work together toward this end. If he understands and respects the nature of his material in demanding of it *bodily life for his idea,* it will perform the miracle and give to his merged thought and feeling, struggling to be known, the substantial, living presence which reveals it.

I quote this at length because it furnishes an interesting example of a cultured literary mind, reared on the tradition of Whistler and with an early background of some naturalistic painting, which is uniquely conscious of its limitations as a layman but is trying to understand the language of the new era and apparently succeeding. This comes so near explaining "plastic," as the modern painter would explain it, that, except for two items, one would be sure the meaning was understood.

Miss Cary ties "intensity" to the artist's feeling for the life of his material, whereas the artist would tie it to the stress or counter-pull of line against line, plane against plane, color and form against color and form, as these interrelationships are covered by the word "plastic." This shift causes a doubt. Then what does our critic mean by "life of his material" and "bodily life"? Does "bodily life for his idea" mean the living organism forged by the design-conscious artist which lives because it is a functioning, coherent unity in all its relationships of parts?

That is what the artist means by "plastic life." Miss Cary has not made it clear that she understands this great central problem of the art of the picture. But, like Thomas Craven, to judge her by her words, she has certainly achieved a literary concept which is near the mark. Can a literary concept, not backed by the experience involved, absorb and thereby

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comprehend the meaning of a totally different plastic field?

The best way to answer this is to test the point on some of Miss Cary's critical judgments.

Take the four-column article on Kandinsky, written in November of 1932. This is completely sympathetic with the man, his point of view, and his abstract work.

> Its noble and tender color harmony is the more impressive for the absence of associative appeal,

says Miss Cary.

A close study of the article, with its biographical data, quotations from the artist, and speculative explanation, indicates understanding of the "plastic intensity" which makes Kandinsky's abstractions live — except at one point. Let me quote:

> Abstract painting still lacks its significance for most of those who will visit the Valentine gallery this month. Many of them, however, will feel the intense beauty of the associated colors in Kandinsky's recent work just as they feel, without knowing clearly why they feel it, the intense beauty of star patterns in the deep blue of the night sky.

Now the intense beauty of the night sky consists in the quality of stars and deep-blue space per se — that is, as separate entities. The patterns are not beautiful *as patterns*. They can't be, for they are accidental in their relationships. The accidental arrangement, even though it may be called beautiful because of the quality of its parts, can rarely if ever be called beautiful as pattern.

A Kandinsky painting, on the other hand, is the opposite of accident. It *is* a controlled pattern of color, space, and line relationships. It is beautiful not only because of separate ingredients but because of its very planning. Does this slip mean that Miss Cary fails to realize the distinction? Is she really appreciating the plastique of Kandinsky, or is a literary mind, outside the experience, looking in and catching hazy glimpses of significant events?

D. Putnam Brinley is a naturalistic artist turned mural painter. Like Sert, Brangwyn, and Sargent, only with considerably less technical proficiency and imaginative power, he is trying to combine antitheses — the actual appearance with the semiabstraction of decoration. And, of course, the failure with him, as with others, is always a miserable one in the department of pictorial form.

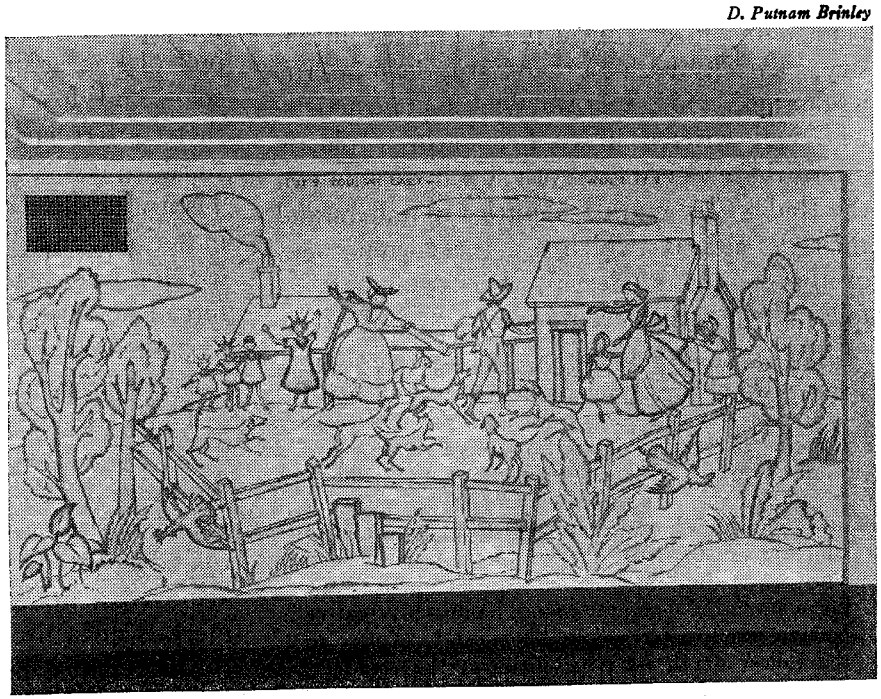
In 1932 he painted a linear mural for the Metropolitan Life Building, giving the story of Huckleberry Finn. He tried to make his lines and spaces decorative, but, since he lacked a fundamental comprehension of linear and spatial relationships, his results were pathetically out of joint. They wobbled and wandered. Their decoration was thin, weak, and pseudo. Of this work Miss Cary says:

> Still, to be strictly honest is high adventure for anyone, so let us confess at once that the simple charm of this Odyssey of young Huckleberry Finn takes on *as art* an aspect so graceful and noble that any subject matter fitted to its proportions and the serene beauty of its very modern execution would be subordinated to the aesthetic effect.

Is this just a difference of opinion among critics, or am I as right, and is Miss Cary as wrong as I assume? "Very modern execution"!

This is the Huckleberry Finn mural which Miss Cary calls a "graceful and noble art" and in which she sees the "serene beauty of its very modern execution." (See text for comment.)

D. Putnam Brinley



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Brinley *is* a naturalistic painter even if Miss Cary does not so label him. He essentially, though not literally, copies actual effects. This is a verifiable matter of record in his more important paintings. Naturalism is not "modern," even in the contemporary sense. It is, even if not usually so recognized, nineteenth-century.

Bad line and space relationships are not "noble" and "graceful." But can I prove them bad? By the circumstantial evidence that a naturalistic painter does not know pictorial form and therefore does not and cannot organize his elements. To the initiate this proves the case; to others it probably does not. And my only answer to that situation has already been recorded.

In two other lengthy articles Miss Cary approves the etchings of Childe Hassam and D. Y. Cameron, both naturalistic artists with not even the complicating ingredient of decorative flavor.

Both these articles were written after the Kandinsky and one after the discussion of plastic intensity. In neither is there any differentiation between schools, attitudes of mind, or types of artists. Nowhere are the values of plastic intensity and copying mentioned, much less compared. Miss Cary recognizes the copying in the following remark about Hassam:

> Not only close observation but the keenest of eyes for the essential are responsible for such draftsmanship.

So draftsmanship, apparently, is sufficient as an experience. No need to mention its lacks or to point out that it would be comparable to music which merely selected and then recorded the noises of the barnyard or street.

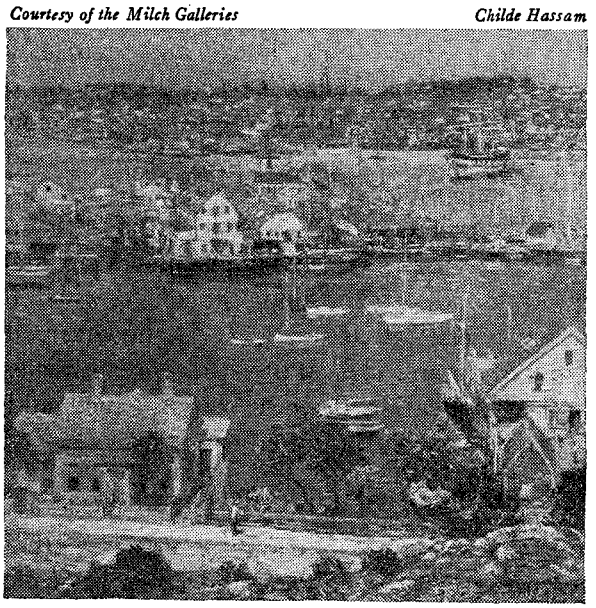
Says Schiller:

> It is only when one has begun to invent artistically that he also begins to think consciously. It is only when he himself builds that he begins to perceive the architectonics of the universe.

I have known for a long time that Schiller was right.

Mr. Hassam was a sketchy naturalistic painter and, as such, an excellent example of the decadence from which we are so slowly emerging. Miss Cary recognizes his craftsmanship in the words quoted in the text without obloquy or recognition of type. In so doing, she adds to current confusion and fails in her obligation as critic.

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries — *Childe Hassam*



ROYAL CORTISSOZ, *New York Herald Tribune*

ROYAL CORTISSOZ has long been such a joke in his brave attempt to stem with critical words the tide of progress in art that it seems needless to give him serious consideration. Yet he still holds his job as critic, and is still heeded by thousands of conservative minds. So I shall let a few quotations play executioner to their master, the art critic.

My first memory of a Cortissoz criticism goes back some fifteen years to an article in *Scribner's Magazine* on Sargent. In a long eulogy, the only qualifying phrase was this:

> Knowledge of design as such simply has not been vouchsafed unto him.

That was the only lack and so unimportant that it could be tucked into a dozen among some thousands of words.

In 1923 we find Cortissoz saying:

> In connoisseurship resides the key to criticism — in knowledge vitalized by natural taste and flair. In knowing. It is the cornerstone of civilization.

From the self-projecting intellectualism of that early day Mr. Cortissoz has never aesthetically grown up. He is still condemning "modernism" because its subjects are ugly, because it "flouts the tradition of good draftsmanship" and the "ancient canons of the craft," "ignores the laws of perspective," and "dismisses beauty as a sentimental invention of the hidebound academician." Let me quote:

> As for the influence of modernism, its liberating effects, to which I have freely borne testimony [as being its only virtue], have been counterbalanced by others of an essentially disintegrating nature. They

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Henri Rousseau

In his quoted comment on the painting of Henri Rousseau, Royal Cortissoz proves his stone-blindness to the visual music of pictorial design, his effective insulation from the adventure of pictorial creation, and confirms the intellectualism of his approach to art, which intellectualism, in 1923, he propounded as the "cornerstone of civilization" and as his aesthetic creed.

> have invited cheap imitation, the collapse of the art of design, the breakdown of a sound tradition of drawing, and the general pervasiveness of crudity and vulgarity.

Furthermore, on January 1, 1933, Mr. Cortissoz saw with evident relief and, incidentally, with considerable satisfaction in the attendant justification of "having kept his head through the many long years," the "subsidence of the modernistic furor."

> The movement has not, to be sure, completely disappeared. It continues to manifest itself from time to time, but it is undeniable its public has suffered a certain shrinkage. And the subsidence has been superceded by a "return to classical ideas."

Supplementing these fragmentary opinions by one concrete appraisal of an outstanding original architectural artist, Henri Rousseau, we shall have sufficient data:

> It is not plain that Rousseau knew precisely what he was about. He could never realize his vision, for the same fate that urged him to take up the brush denied him the capacity to handle it with any skill. Execution is sadly feeble. There is a pathetic naïveté about his work, not the naïveté of the authentic primitive but that of the grownup who simply hasn't mastered his craft but goes on all unconscious to count every leaf on the tree and make a picture by main strength. The disinterested commentator can only feel a gentle melancholy in the presence of these laboured and amateurish canvases.

The quotations may or may not do retributive execution upon the critical reputation of Royal Cortissoz, depending on the background of their reader. At least they reveal definitely, I think, several facts about their author's critical foundations.

Tradition, to him, for instance, is based upon sound draftsmanship, perspective that is correct as it appears to the physical eye, and a beauty in the picture that is a soundly drawn replica of the various beauties of nature. When he mentions the "breakdown of the art of design" he is thinking of the obvious composition of subject which can exist even when the well-placed subject is copied direct from nature and which can be perceived by any untrained eye. There is nothing in any of his writing to show that he has any slightest comprehension of those complex interweavings of line, space, color, and form integrations which are characteristic of all classic art and which constitute the *real design* of the great Renaissance paintings (which he approves because they are "beautiful" in subject and treatment) *and of the great modern works* (which he disapproves because the subjects are more abstract or distorted, the treatment more crude).

If he saw the plastic values in the old masters he would see them likewise in the moderns. Also he would see that, instead of modernism being the breakdown of design, it is the resurrection of design from the abyss of degradation to which mere technical skill had reduced art in the last century. But there was nothing in the early training of Mr. Cortissoz to prepare him for this new revelation. And he has never cared to learn.

ARTHUR MILLIER, *Los Angeles Times*

ON THE WEST COAST we find Arthur Millier of the *Los Angeles Times* writing of a "living design of living lines" and then using Whistler's *Black Lion Wharf* in illustration of his meaning. This, when the design-conscious eye sees the chaos of the sketchy impression of actuality in this print — the whole work testifying eloquently to Whistler's inability to make a living design of living lines. One such quotation, of course, is not enough on which to judge a critical attitude. It is, however, illuminating and typical of a widespread misuse or misapplication of these words which adds greatly to the current confusion.

LEWIS MUMFORD, *The New Yorker*

LEWIS MUMFORD, writer, critic of architecture, American culture, and recently of pic-

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tures, comes nearer to owning a foundation for his criticism in experience than any of the other critics under discussion herein. This because of his firsthand knowledge of architecture and presumably of the organization of form wherein resides the art in that great mother of all the arts. Even without direct experience with the freer plastique of color and form in pictures, this should equip him for an intelligent if not a comprehensive judgment. And if he actually feels design of form from within — i.e., if he senses relationships of planes, lines, mass — instead of knowing them vicariously from without through a study of historical developments, this feeling should give him genuine insight into pictorial form. As one of the too few St. Georges, always ready to hurl his verbal javelins at the elusive vitals of our great American dragon of commercialized antiquarianism, regardless of retributive dangers, we can have but the warmest respect for Mumford. It is only because he has now become a professional critic of pictures that I am curious about the reach of his formal awareness.

Back in 1923, in an article on American taste, in *Harper's Magazine*, we find Mumford analyzing the causes and results of our national divorce from the arts as shrewdly as he has since that time in *Sticks and Stones*, *The Brown Decades*, and *Technics and Civilization*. This analysis and the later ones reveal a genuine comprehension of the function of the artist in modern society such as is so tragically rare among contemporary critics.

The following challenge to architects in behalf of Benton's New School murals, written about 1930, is typical of Mumford at his best and indicates a thorough conviction about, and apparently an understanding of, the function of pictorial architecture:

> These panels are a summons to the architect. They call for an architecture of clean surfaces, large, unbroken volumes, and a massive serenity. Within buildings so conceived Mr. Benton's designs offer the life, the movement, the variation in detail, the points of special interest that are necessary in great buildings to complete the structure itself. Here is a painter who meets the architect half way, a painter with as keen a sense of mass and abstract design as the most able of our architects, ready to come to terms with the actual problems of design for a particular wall or enclosure and ready to aid the architect in sloughing off the ridiculous tags in ornament to which the designer is committed for lack of time and ability, under modern conditions of work, to handle more than the bare program of building.

But — I search through Mumford's criticisms in *The New Yorker* in vain for any additional evidence that he understands and applies in criticism the visual sensation values of pictorial form.

About Brancusi's sculpture he rhapsodizes sufficiently to testify to the genuine emotional excitement I should expect him to feel in the presence of these great form designs. But he earns the right to the rhapsody by the evident honesty of his thrill and by descending to earth long enough to allocate the source of the excitement to the artist's "elementary feeling for clean form and for the material in itself." There is no mention of the interplay of form against form or of the form harmonies thereby engendered nor of these as the probable main sources of the excitement — an oversight which Mumford would hardly be guilty of if he were discussing musical form, rather than pictorial form.

This omission, in a criticism that rings true, leaves one in doubt as to the reach of this critic's conscious awareness, beyond a valid intuition. Surely there can be no harm in a deep and penetrating consciousness as part of the working equipment of a critic — nor do I believe there can be too much effrontery in us for demanding it.

Turning to pictures, we find Mumford saying this about Hopper:

> Hopper is a fine and capable artist whom one may characterize fairly accurately and certainly without disparagement as a second Winslow Homer.

But Homer was a designer, and Hopper is not. Granted they both saw stark reality and portrayed it effectively; that is their obvious relationship. This significant lack in Hopper establishes the fundamental difference between the craftsman and the original, design-conscious artist.

Is it not the critical duty to go deeper and explain what is beneath the surface? Or does the critic ignore the lack because he is himself unconscious of it?

About Eugene Speicher, that most popular recorder of facts about very handsome women models, he is more explicit:

> Why is Speicher grouped with the moderns? Why is he so popular? Why do museum curators so confidently regard the canvases as gilt-edged securities? . . . There are no obvious distortions or suppressions for the sake of emphasis or emotional intensity. . . . The colors, like the form itself, are never dis-

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> concerting; they escape platitude, as it were, by the twist of the adjective. . . . Aesthetically and emotionally speaking, I can detect nothing whatever behind this craftsmanship.

Excellent negative criticism, listing among the lacks the emotional intensity that is the mother of visual organization but not the organization itself.

Then, in a more positive criticism, this about Marin:

> While I think Hopper a good painter, I think John Marin a great painter. . . . The actual shapes the camera's eye would see are rearranged or refocused; here concentrated, there suppressed. The sureness of stroke, the mastery of design, the powerful ordering of the picture into a living organism — all these elements are at the service of a fresh experience. There is no Marin style. Each picture is a new phase in a strange language. . . . No painter, not even Picasso, works with fewer clichés.

Marin's painting is deeply and authentically emotional. It is not limited or ordered by the restraints of mind. This abandon gives the lift of spirit, the sense of emotional release which, I think, is the source of this artist's popular appeal. His "mastery of design" is limited to a fine sense of color and color-and-tonal relationships plus a refreshing play with textures. There is no concern with form, line, or any but generalized spatial relationships or of these elements as such.

This limitation, it would seem, needs at least to be mentioned by the critic, after which he can ignore all such concerns if he is content with the two. But can a "great" artist be so limited? To say a "great colorist" would be more accurate and informative. Does Mumford see beyond his facile generalizations and does he ignore the other veins of experience or does he not?

I must confess I thought Marin did have a "Marin style" which anyone may recognize as far as the paintings are seen. And that it was made up always, year after year, of the same ingredients used in the same habitual recipe. And I fear I thought that just such a process defined a cliché.

In his article on the Orozco murals, published in *The New Republic* of October 10, 1934, Mumford achieves true distinction in what I shall call socio-functional criticism. He sets the historical and contemporary social stage which is the background of this great mural with a penetration and freshness that only can be called brilliant. He perceives and verbally pictures the incongruities and harmonies of that setting in a New England culture. He explains the social meanings and function of the picture in its total impact and in the various significances of its parts. He describes the functional ways in which color and form interpret meaning in its various moods and tempos. He talks about the organic idea *living* in the technical process — the opposite verbiage from Craven's justification of the form as only a means to the presentation of content. He talks of color balance, repetition, crescendo. And, last but by no means least, Mumford disarms any critical attack on the present issue with these words:

> A rational or intellectual explanation of the meaning of these frescoes is only a small part of their total meaning; for they do not merely delight the eye or inform the mind: they create a deep organic stir in every part of the personality. To find Orozco's meaning the reader must go again and again to the pictures; even the painter cannot tell him what they mean, except by the means he has already used.

In this article, I should say, current art criticism reaches its high mark of social and aesthetic intelligence. It is constructive, humanized, well informed and intelligent. It recognizes the aesthetic values which time and space, rightly enough in such an article, forbid explaining. In so doing it meets the minimum responsibility of the profession of critic to lead and educate.

As to Lewis Mumford's equipment to meet the critic's full responsibility and point the way to a comprehension of those aesthetic experiences out of which the true civilization he so ably visualizes must draw its sustenance, this and his other articles and books leave us in the dark.

My own guess is that Mumford only hints at the values of pictorial form because his conception of it goes no deeper than its extreme manifestation in cubism (which overemphasis is as passé as he elsewhere says) or than the outer edges of its functioning covered by the word "composition." I find no conclusive evidence that his obviously valid intuition in this important direction is supported by an equally valid insight.

(In next month's article the criticism of C. J. Bulliet, Henry McBride, Margaret Bruening, and Thomas Craven will be discussed.)

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Science and Religion

by **BOSHI SEN**

In the West science and religion appear to have developed incompatible temperaments in the twentieth century. Modern science, preeminently a Western achievement, having but recently freed itself from the religion of the Middle Ages, still entertains a lively suspicion of religion. It is engrossed in its own phenomenal problems and their fuller and further development. Religion, on the other hand, lacking comparable achievements in its own domain, is suffering from something very like an inferiority complex. The separation of science and religion has given Western thinkers a scandal of the first magnitude to consider.

It is a sound Oriental policy, in a like situation, to call in a venerable third party to promote the peace, and in this case it may well be that Indian thought and experience have something to contribute toward a solution of the quarrel. Why is it that in its long, checkered history of several thousands of years the traditional religion of India has never been faced with a similar conflict? Let it not be supposed that Hinduism has never had to contend against the skepticism of science. Though science as we now conceive it is modern and Western, though India is still but the disciple of the West in this field, the ancient Hindu scriptures boldly stated: "It is the function of the mind to doubt."

This scientific attitude was accepted as the starting point for all profound inquiry concerning this mysterious universe. The rishis of old dared to ask, "What is that, knowing which, all else is known, getting which, all else appears small?" and ultimately they found their answer in the realization that there is but One. The words are simple, but it would take a lifetime of incessant struggle — many lives, according to the Hindu idea — to perceive that One. As a corollary came the further finding that men, because of their differing tendencies and capacities, must perceive that One differently. There could be innumerable valid approaches to it. The further these radii are from the center, the greater appear their divergences. At the center alone do they unite and lose their separate identities.

No one particular system of Indian philosophy or theology was ever given the chance to dominate others for long. Hence no Socrates was ever forced to drink the hemlock in India, no Bruno was ever burned at the stake, no Galileo made to recant his starry faith in natural law. Hinduism has simply integrated both science and religion under one category, pursuit of truth. The contributions of both are equally acceptable and entail neither mutual persecution nor mutual recrimination. But, just as old coins, which retain their intrinsic value and even acquire added historical interest, have to submit themselves to a reminting process if they are to secure acceptance at the currency counter of a later period, so old concepts, if they are to serve new generations, have constantly to be renewed in the light of fresh knowledge and changed conditions, proved again in the crucible of time, rephrased in the language of the day.

II

It is necessary, for the sake of clarity in understanding, to distinguish between science and religion, but one fact must never be ignored. The masters of both science and religion are human beings, and their achievements are ultimately concerned with human needs. Life itself as we know it is made possible because a sharp, recognized boundary exists between the internal and external environments of the organism. But the internal environment must be in intimate contact with the infinite external, from which alone it can gather the raw materials and the energy for the maintenance of life and into which it can empty its unnecessary by-products. If this boundary

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develops complete impermeability, the organism has to surrender its life. Without a boundary, it loses its individuality. So, to live, we have to develop a selective boundary, which will permit free absorption of things needed for growth, together with the necessary discard of waste. Further, this selective power, to meet the varied needs of a changing environment alike internal and external, must be flexible. The organism thus reacts on its own environment, and the changed environment reacts back on the organism, and this interaction goes on endlessly.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the original sin of man is an urge to taste, to know, and this craving reaches far beyond the immediate requirements of bare existence. It so happens that this "forked radish," called "man," has been endowed with both mind and feeling. Given an instrument, there is always a challenge for its use. When the provocations of nature are taken up by the human mind, we get science; when they evoke feeling and emotion, we get religion. The objective world, therefore, is the legitimate domain of science; the subjective world, of religion. Everything from electrons to galaxies, as also any subjective event that permits itself to be adequately defined in objective terms, comes under the purview of science. The world of feeling and emotion and also objective realities, to the extent in which they affect the inner environment of man, come under the domain of religion.

As long as man can maintain harmony between his internal and external environment, he is happy, but in the natural course of things he can seldom realize this harmony for any durable period of time. It is not in his limited power to maintain a dynamic balance with every happening in the vast external world in which he lives. Eternally active, he creates new problems for himself in the very act of solving old ones. As a Sanskrit saying has it, "Getting one desire satisfied is like poking a stick in a hornet's nest."

But there are two possible ways by which man ceaselessly strives, consciously or unconsciously, to regain the lost harmony. He tries to control the external environment to meet the requirements of his internal world or so to adjust his inner urges that they will cease to react to the infinite external stimuli. Broadly speaking, the aim of science is to achieve the former; that of religion, the latter. Since each can best pursue its task in its own pure atmosphere, science has evolved the artificial environment of the research laboratory; religion, that of the monk's cell. And both science and religion in their respective fields have their advantages and their handicaps.

On the credit side, science has a unique advantage in that the achievements of the individual scientists are cumulative in effect. They are also capable of repeated experimental verification, and they can be harnessed to perform concrete tasks. These assure continuous growth and development. On the other hand, the territory to conquer is infinite. No sooner does science succeed in pitching its tent in some new outpost than still greater vistas open up, ever more enchanting, more alluring. The task of science is unending.

In contrast, religion can claim that its goal is attainable, since there are some who have attained it. Put in the simplest terms, this is the subjective realization of eternal bliss born of perfect purity and self-control. But since, alas, men of realization, like ordinary mortals, have also to give up their bodies, their realizations inevitably become subject in time to distortion and dilution. Not only are achievements of religious individuals not cumulative, but they do not lend themselves to any objective perpetuation. The perceptions of the masters of religion cannot be directly utilized by others. Given the mechanical aid, anybody can fly or talk across all seven seas and the five continents or perform similar feats which appear to defy nature, without being accused of ever having struggled with the science of aerodynamics or electricity. But, to benefit by the perceptions of great religious teachers, one has to follow in their footsteps and live what they teach. The problem of religion must always remain essentially a personal and individual one. The subjective world, which is the concern of religion, is not amenable to mass handling, for it is unique for each individual. Hence the vitality of religion at any given period is determined by the number of living individuals who have realized, as personal and indestructible experience of their own, the truth of the salvation which is the high promise of religion. It is their radiance which draws the aspirant after them and illumines his path — "sharp as the razor blade and dark with distance."

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III

WE FIND MODERN science advancing steadily with ever increasing strength and surer knowledge along a wider front. Its success is due not merely to the many discoveries and fresh inventions of the earnest workers in the various fields of study, who daily add their quota to the general fund of knowledge, but to the mental attitude of these men, to their willingness to modify or even abandon their most cherished conclusion, if the logic of new facts demands. A clear grasp of the underlying working principle is essential for adequate control over anything; it is by accepting facts, however inconvenient and unpleasant, and subjecting them to detailed investigation that we can gather the necessary knowledge and experience. Differences among the various branches of science there must be and are, in the material they deal with, technique of approach, units of measure employed, significance attached to attributes. A few odd millions of miles may be a matter of no consequence to the astronomer, where to ignore a millionth of a meter would land the modern microscopist in a sad plight.

Despite these differences, however, co-operation and appreciation exist among the various scientific departments. An astronomer does not attempt to weigh his stars in a chemical balance, but to the chemistry of photography he owes an incalculable debt, which he is only too willing to acknowledge. No modern physicist would feel that his branch of science could be humiliated by any capital discovery of chemistry. On the contrary, the physicist may be the first one to utilize the consequences of that discovery in his own field. The various scientific societies, with membership open to all who can qualify, regardless of race and nationality, are organized not with the idea of proclaiming the superiority and excellence of their special departments of knowledge and emphasizing the shortcomings of all others but to facilitate the exchange of helpful suggestions and criticisms among colleagues.

IV

IN CONTRAST to the inspiring part which modern science has played in the conquest of the external environment, religion appears to many in the West to be failing man signally in his inner needs. This is because, on the one hand, the psychology of man has changed profoundly. Facilities of transport and communication, the printing press and literacy, machinery and newspapers — all the bequest of science — have produced a psychology among the people of the West very different from that of the simple Jewish disciples of the Eastern Christ of two thousand years ago.

On the other hand, the Church, overlooking the obvious fact that man is not a creature that is finished, has been grimly hanging on to the laurels of her past achievements. By rigidly insisting on the importance of observing old forms and maintaining outworn creeds, by condemning the new knowledge if it shows itself in conflict with the old assumptions and beliefs, by looking on science as an enemy rather than a friend, she has not kept pace with the demands of the day.

Many of the decorative props of Christian theology and cosmogony have long since collapsed under the sledge-hammer blows of

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science, but a futile effort is made to uphold them. The commonplace miracles of a scientific age match and sometimes surpass those of the Gospels. Since its miracles are explainable and are the common property of all, science here has the upper hand. The spiritual message of Christ is as true today as it was at the time of its delivery — it has failed no one and never will. Yet, under the pressure of external circumstances, even the immediate disciples of Christ denied Him. Is it any wonder that the man of the twentieth century should flounder between a similar denial, blind adherence to medieval theology and the prescribed rituals, or the frank confession that he simply does not know how to put the Sermon on the Mount into daily practice in the world in which he finds himself?

The Son of God certainly came to help mankind, and this help He rendered to His utmost and to each according to his need. To the blind He gave eyes and a pair the blind could see with; to the lame, the legs he could walk with; to the seeker, salvation. One may believe with all reverence that the Gospels truly recount for us the words and deeds of Jesus, but to insist that the apostles have recorded all that He could say or do or be, in all circumstances for all time, would appear the height of blasphemy to the Hindu devotee, who daily repeats, "My Lord is the Lord of the Universe, my Master is the Master of the Universe." Christ put on the human limitations of His time, to show how they might be transcended. Five hundred years before, an Indian prince threw away his crown and took up a staff and begging bowl, proclaiming the same marvelous possibility of freedom. The particular Personality of one's adoration, we Hindus say, is but a divine manifestation of that unlimited Reality, call it God, One, or any other name you like, that is eternally behind everything.

Simply stated, all religions assert that, if you can reach the kingdom of heaven, all your needs, alike internal and external, will be fulfilled. The various systems of religion have taken up the task of maintaining the particular path the founder declared to his disciples. These great ones have left some brief record of the trials and tribulations of their journeys. Of their ultimate experience, each could but speak in symbols. All, however, have affirmed that the goal can be reached.

V

THE PECULIAR GENIUS of the Hindus has made them keep on their religious experiments through the ages. Why? It has been imagined by some that the enervating Indian climate has induced a sort of quiescence, prompting men to contemplation rather than to strenuous physical activity. But much of the profound philosophy of India was born in the Himalayan caves, in high regions of rock and snow, or in lonely forest hermitages, whither seekers retired, living on roots and fruits, to pursue their austere quest. Others have ascribed the Indian tendency to a general lethargy on the part of the people. But it was on the battlefield of Kurukshetra that Sri Krishna delivered the message embodied in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, which is the essence of the Hindu religion! Nor can poverty and its defeatist outlook be offered as an explanation for the compelling ideal of renunciation. The *Upanishads* record the discourses of many a royal sage on the questions raised by the great rishis. Is the answer perhaps simply the wisdom of age? If one is to struggle for anything, why not the pursuit of "that, knowing which, all else is known, getting which, all else appears small"?

Whatever the cause or causes, the fact is there that Hinduism stands on the realized experiences of many individuals. It offers not one path alone to the kingdom of heaven, but various approaches, according to different temperaments and capacity levels. The dominant tendency of an individual may be active or contemplative, psychic or devotional, each requiring a special technique for its full development and expression. If, in addition to courage, sincerity, and patience to endure to the end, the seeker has blindly to follow some set course not of his own choosing, against his tendencies and beyond his capacities, what fire of hope that he will ever reach the goal can be kept burning in his breast? For the man of active disposition, then, there is the path of unselfish work; for the thinker, the path of knowledge; for the mystic, the path of psychic control; for the man of devotion, the path of love and worship. But all these paths, sincerely followed, lead to the same end.

Tendencies may blend or run parallel in a single individual, but usually one will stand out above the others, and that one should be ac-

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cepted as a guidepost pointing the way to the appropriate path. The modern scientist, whether he knows it or not, is proceeding along the path of knowledge. The Christian is following his Master along the joined paths of devotion and service to others.

For thousands of years there have been and still are in India great Knowers, great Workers, great Mystics, and great Lovers, and they have bequeathed to the land the perfected techniques of their respective experiences. The tradition of personal discipleship has never died out. From master to disciple, in unbroken sequence, the quest has been handed on.

Is it not here that the researches of the Hindus, with their incurable attraction for the religious point of departure in their thinking, can contribute something of value to the West? The Hindus have a wonderful library and superb museum of religious ideas and ideals. These are carefully preserved not in books and museum jars but in a thousand details of the daily life of the people. From what we now call the crassest superstition to the highest monism of Vedanta — all modes and methods of approach — the Hindus have experimented, always maintaining that, as the tendencies and capacities and inner needs of individuals differ, and differ at different times, so their spiritual evolution must necessarily follow individual lines.

Fortunately Hinduism has been spared the creeping paralysis of organization. No Hindu Church has grown up to prevent people from thinking or to tell them what they must believe. And in amazing contrast, there stands out the utter inflexibility of the Hindu social code. In the scrupulous adherence relentlessly exacted from the units of society, this must be held responsible for the worst features of our society as we see it today. But the freedom which the individual Hindu has been given to experiment with his inner life and to make his own adaptations, together with his peculiar time sense, accounts for his religious tolerance and brave acceptance of possible paths other than his own.

It is not a fact that modern man has no further use for religion. As long as human love, affection, and sympathy are brought up against the blank wall of suffering, frustration, and death, human beings will continue to seek solace and peace in some inner fastness of the self. And the finding of this *is* religion. In the West, religion has to be re-established on the unshakable foundation of experienced realizations. To do this in the twentieth century it will have to adopt something of the scientific attitude toward its own facts and evolve the required technique to meet varying needs of individuals. To the blind, eyes; to the lame, legs; to the seeker, salvation!

Modern science has already acquired a great asset — a humility born of its own successful pursuit of knowledge. It now knows what it cannot know. When religion is able to offer it the experience of that which it cannot know, then will science seek religion.

God

When the green light that lanterns in the storm
Has wound its way past all the wooded world
Like some dim acolyte of ghostly form
Whose taper green leaves the wide land pure beryled,
And the faint breeze has whispered down the plain
And the big drops have just begun to spill
In crystal pebbles hesitant with rain
Pegging the silence with a sound more still;

When the warm embers of the drowsed midnight
Noise with a crack whose singleness redounds;

Or the still hours ere cockcrow cry the plea
Of some stray apple dropping through the night:

These are the times that God is on His rounds
Tending the wheels behind eternity.

Ross Edwards Pierce

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America

Assonance in English Verse

***by* PADRAIC COLUM**

ABOUT FORTY YEARS ago an Irish critic and poet, William Larminie, advocated a reform in English verse, which reform, because in harmony with established tendencies, could be carried out without anarchistic effects and without having the consequence generally brought about by reformers — that of throwing the baby out with the bath. Larminie's essay was published in the *Contemporary Review*, and it is, now even more than at the time it was written, worth taking into consideration.

Rhyme, this critic maintained, had become too great a burden on the poet. The salient place in the line, the end, was being taken by words that were becoming more and more hackneyed, words for which rhymes were not too difficult. And this burden of rhyme was an unnecessary one. English verse could very well do without rhyme; rhyme, in fact, had been taken over from languages which had many fewer resources than English — Italian and French.

When Larminie wrote this essay he did not have in mind what, since his time, has become known as free verse — the type of verse of which Miss Lowell was the great exponent over a decade ago. "Free verse" would have seemed anarchistic to this scholar. He would shed rhyme but only on condition that form and a certain tradition are preserved — that the water should be drained out, leaving the baby there. He would go back to the unrhymed quantitive meters that belonged to a stage of English poetry.

The question of quantity in English verse has a range too vast to be discussed in a short magazine piece. The present article is devoted to a much more simple affair — to something which Larminie thought would be an enhancement to quantitive verse — assonance. He acknowledged that quantitive meters are apt to be harsh-sounding: to mitigate this harshness he proposed the use of assonance. Summarized, his program was "quantity sweetened by assonance and assonance strengthened by quantity."

II

BUT WHAT IS assonance? the reader unacquainted with poetic terms is likely to ask. Assonance is the correspondence of vowel sounds with each other — *room* and *mood*, for instance; *autumn* and *water*. *Love* and *rove* are rhymes, for not only do the *o*'s correspond, but the *v*'s correspond; *love* and *lore* are assonances, for there is a correspondence of only the vowel sounds. There are some European languages in which the correspondence is only of the vowels — in which there is assonance and not consonance: Spanish, I believe, is one; Gaelic is another.

Leaving aside its use as an enhancement of quantitive verse, what would be the advantage of the use of assonance in English verse today? Well, for one thing it would give the verse of the poet who was able to use it with sufficient subtility a distinction — it would bring in a fresh music; it would put fresher words in the salient places in the lines, giving relief from those words which the exigency of rhyme is making more and more hackneyed. However, it would mean that verse more than ever would be the medium of those whose ears were trained to vocal sounds, for assonance, being more faint than rhyme, needs more aural sense. The great benefit of the innovation, to my mind, would be that it would give rhyming words something which they badly need — a bath of oblivion.

III

IT WOULD BE natural to expect that Irish poets would be pioneers in this innovation — for the deliberate use of assonance would be an innovation — and Larminie designated them for the role. He would have them proceed from a knowledge of what he termed "the Cinderella of European literatures" — Gaelic — a knowledge which few can have. But all who have grown up in any native way in Ireland are familiar with another carrier of assonantal verse. Often I have heard some old ballad-singer chanting lines whose maker would have been surprised (as M. Jourdain was when he was informed he spoke prose) to hear that he was using assonance.

On a Monday morning early, *as my*
wandering steps did lade *me*
Down by a fermer's station *and the*
meadows and green lawns,
I heard great lamentation *the small*
birds they were making,
Saying, "We'll have no more engagements *with the boys of* Mullaghabaun.

This sort of country song arises from its maker being more familiar with the Gaelic than with the English way of making verse. That familiarity would naturally cause him to match the vowel sounds in the tonic words with the stressed vowel in the word that was important for him — the place-name Mullaghabaun.

Assonance, then, is familiar to Irish ears. And poets who are not of the folk have frequently used it: a classical instance is in Thomas Moore's verse where again a place-name is matched by recurring vowel sounds:

Silent, O Moyle, *be the* roar *of thy*
water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of
repose,
While mourning mournfully Lir's
lonely *daughters*

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ASSONANCE

Tell to the night-star the tale of their
woes.

This particular use was indeliberate, being suggested by the traditional music to which the words were put. But Irish poets, wishing to reproduce an effect in Gaelic literature that they were translating from or were influenced by, have often made deliberate uses of assonance. Larminie himself, in the epilogue to his long poem, *Fand* (an epilogue in praise of Killarney, which was the enchantress' dwelling place), produces a lovely assonantal form. If one reads this poem aloud, stressing the *e* sounds in the first stanza, the *i*'s and *a*'s in the second, the *o*'s and *e*'s in the third, the *ay*'s in the fourth (a beautiful verse), and the *o*'s in the last, one will be aware of a fresh and delightful music. Larminie uses rhyme here and there — he uses it indeliberately, as another poet would have used assonance.

Is there one desires to hear
If within the shore of Eire
Eyes may still behold the scene
Far from Fand's enticements?

Let him seek the southern hills
And those lakes of loveliest water
Where the richest blooms of spring
Burn the reddest autumn:
And the clearest echo sings
Notes a goddess taught her.

Ah! 'twas very long ago,
And the words are now denied her:
But the purple hillsides know
Still the tones delightsome,
And their breasts, impassioned, glow
As were Fand beside them.

And though many an isle be fair,
Fairer still is Innisfallen,
Since the hour Cuchullain lay
In the bower enchanted.
See! The ash that waves today,
Fand its grandshire planted.

When from wave to mountain-top
All delight thy sense bewilders,
Thou shalt own the wonder wrought
Once by her skilled fingers,
Still, though many an age be gone,
Round Killarney lingers.

IV

TWO IRISH POETS of today make deliberate use of assonantal form. One is Austin Clarke, and the other is Francis Higgins. The first-mentioned poet knows of Larminie's proposal, but the immediate influence on his verse was, I think, from the French poet, Paul Fort, who knit together the loose structure of his long poems with vowel correspondences. In an essay in the *Dublin Maga-*

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zine Austin Clarke has this to say of the innovation which he practices:

"Occasional assonance was used instinctively in popular verse of a bilingual period. . . . The younger English poets are now experimenting in 'false rhyme,' a system accidently discovered, I believe, by Mrs. Browning and first popularized by the 'divided rhyme' of Wilfred Owen, a war poet, whose system proved impracticable. But it is at best an occasional device. Cracked rhymes must end eventually in cracked verses. Assonance, on the other hand, is a complete medium and capable of development. . . . Assonance is not the enemy of rhyme. It helps us to respect rhyme, which has been spoiled by mechanical use. By means of assonance we can gradually approach, lead up to rhyme, bring it out so clearly, so truly, as the mood needs, that it becomes indeed the very *vox caelestis*."

This is so well said that there is no point in my laboring it any further. I shall give some extracts from Austin Clarke's later poetry, in which assonance takes the place of the familiar rhyme.

"Black and fair strangers lean upon the oar,
And there is peace," she answered. "Companies
Are gathered in the house that I have known;
Claret is on the board and they are pleased
By story-telling. When the turf is redder,
And airy packs of wonder have been told,
My women dance to bright steel that is wed,
Starlike, upon the anvil with one stroke."

And this verse, in which the clapper has been taken from the bell, gives a sense of shyness and of hushed delight to the little song that he names "The Planter's Daughter":

When night stirred the sea
And the fire brought a crowd in,
They say that her beauty
Was music in mouth,
And few in the candle-light
Thought her too proud,
For the house of the planter
Is known by the trees.

Men that had seen her
Drank deep and were silent,
The women were speaking
Wherever she went —
As a bell that is rung
Or a wonder told shyly,
And O she was the Sunday
In every week.

V

THE OTHER POET, Francis Higgins, derives his form from the country singers, though it is plain that he uses it with a scholar's subtility. I quote a poem from his *Arable Holdings*. The form of the poem is purely traditional.

By a field of the crab-trees my love and I were walking
And talking most sweetly to each other;
In the three-cornered field, O we walked in early autumn,
And these were the words of my lover:

"A poor scholar like me who never took to girling
Finds book-knowledge such a bitter morsel —
Yet were I a clergyman, wise in holy learning,
O I'd make your wild beauty my gospel."

And softly, softly his words were moving through me —
Coaxing as a fife, crying like a fiddle —
That I heard my heart beat, as dew beat on the stubble,
And the twilight was then lying with us.

In that three-cornered field, while the moon was whitely filling
The grass there gave hunger to our passion,
And so said my love: "with the new year, O I'll give you
The red marriage ring for a hansel."

Since then I never hear him, but soon O I'll see him
Just darken God's doorway on a Sunday —
Yes, darken God's doorway as he darkened my reason
And narrowed my daylight last summer.

So again by the crab-trees, the grass is lean with autumn
Where again I'll be waiting for my lover;
And while he'll never know it with him I'll go walking
Although he is wed to another.

VI

SO MUCH FOR the Irish poets. The English poet mentioned, Wilfred Owen uses something that is neither consonance nor assonance but imperfect rhyme. As an instance of it I quote his short poem, "Futility":

Move him into the sun —
Gently its touch woke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France.
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds —
Woke, once, the clay of a cold star.
Are limbs so dear — achieved, are sides
Full-nerved — still warm — too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
— Oh, what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

A really imposing use of assonance however, was made by Scott Moncrief in his translation of *The Song of Roland*. The verse scheme of the original is carried over by the stanzas of unequal length held together by a single, recurring vowel sound. This translation has the ease of blank verse, while the recurring vowel makes the stanza definite and closed.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *The extracts from Austin Clarke are from his* Pilgrimage *published in this country by Farrar and Rinehart — a collection of his poems is soon to be published by the Macmillan Company. The poem by Francis Higgins is from* Arable Holdings, *published by the Cuala Press, Dublin. "Futility" is from Wilfred Owen's* Poems.)

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LETTERS

PEACE AND ABUNDANCE

Mr. Oliver Williams, the author of "Peace and Abundance" in THE FORUM *for October, has received many valuable and penetrating comments on his article, some of which are reproduced below.*

I realize that the tariff, or protective theory, has been fearfully abused. But it does seem to me that you overlook one thing which ought to have more attention at your hand. How is it possible to maintain our standard of living and our wage scale in competition with other countries where the standard of living and the wage scale are so far below those of ours? The most fundamental thing in which we can possibly be interested is that of maintaining a high wage scale and a high standard of living. Without that, a republican form of government cannot long exist.

Take as an illustration the agricultural products coming in from certain countries where the wage scale is one third and one fourth what it is in this country and where the transportation, by reason of water facilities, is lower than the transportation from the agricultural regions to the centers of population in this country. How is it possible, Mr. Williams, to protect this situation without some tariff?

If the whole level were upon a level with reference to wage scale and standard of living, there would be little answer, if any, to your argument.

WILLIAM E. BORAH

Boise, Ida.

I suspect that world commerce really is a lost cause in America for the present. We can be very sure that it cannot be permanently a lost cause and so we ought to do what you are doing, which is to carry on persistent experimentation in the hope that a way will be found to arouse the emotional interest of the American people in foreign trade. . . . At the present time Americans are very anxious to sell abroad and completely resolved never to lend abroad any more and extremely reluctant about admitting any foreign goods except raw materials.

LEONARD P. AYERS

Cleveland, Ohio

There is one difficulty in the thesis to which I do not see the answer. We have maintained, and are still trying to maintain, a higher scale of living for our working people than anywhere else in the world.

So long as we were well ahead in machinery and had land in abundance while other new land elsewhere did not compete, this was possible. But now all improvements in the means of production are adopted elsewhere. If we are to compete, therefore, in the world's markets will our wages have to fall somewhat nearer those elsewhere, which we should deeply regret; or, if not, how shall we prevent it?

So long as we were merely trying to build up industries to supply our own needs, and the cultivation of our western country and our cotton had little competition, tariffs for the home market worked out a possible national economy; but the problem has now a different aspect, and some compromise of ideas may be inevitable.

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

Boston, Mass.

In my opinion your article describing the effects of the depression in international trade is just another deliberate attempt to focus the eyes of the public on a symptom and away from the fundamental disease and its cause. Just another example of the continuous barrage from New York liberals (?) paid to fool, bluff, or bully the American public out of this depression without sacrificing the New York financial domination of the nation.

Well it won't work. This smoked herring with the foreign-trade label has been dragged across our trail so many times in the last five years that it smells to the high heavens. Furthermore there exist in this country men and organizations who can and will expose and denounce every trick you New Yorkers can conceive just as fast as you present them.

The very obvious ability and general information which you possess makes it certain that you are well aware that this nation and the whole world are suffering from a very fundamental economic convulsion which cannot be cured by patchwork. The Tyranny of Gold and the Gold Standard Racket have run their course. Secret banker dictatorship exercised through the public press and politicians over the welfare of all people must be exposed and destroyed.

Why beat around the bush? Why don't you face the money question fearlessly and honestly, with logic and facts instead of prejudice and lies? Whenever you New Yorkers get ready to do this you will find the solution of the Economic Riddle of the Ages and America will *get* Economic Liberty with Peace, Dignity, and Prosperity.

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GEORGE W. CHRISTIANS,
President, Crusaders for Economic Liberty; Commander-in-chief, Crusader White Shirts.

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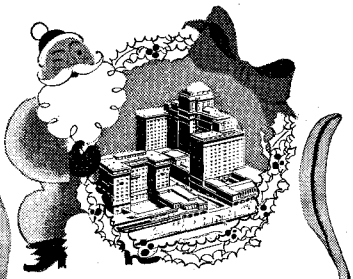

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TOASTS

ABRAHAM L. WOLBARST, M.D., is a specialist and leading authority in the field of urology. In addition, he has been for many years actively concerned with social problems of eugenics and juvenile delinquency. In a more youthful day he assisted Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was Commissioner of Police of New York City.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., studied at Fordham and the University of Pennsylvania and at several universities abroad. He practices medicine in New York City and is an extension professor at Fordham.

CLEMENCE DANE, whose real name is Winifred Ashton, is the author of a number of novels, while theatergoers will remember, among her plays, *A Bill of Divorcement*.

HAROLD NATHAN, assistant to J. Edgar Hoover in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has been in the government service since 1908 and in the Bureau of Investigation since 1917.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY, believe it or not, lives at Kilnamaramavagul, Ballymorguttery, near Kilmaconogue, County Wicklow, Ireland. He is the author of *The Informer*, *The Life of Tim Healy*, and *The Assassin*.

MARY M. COLUM will again spend a portion of the winter teaching at the University of Miami but will continue her monthly articles in THE FORUM throughout the season.

GUENTHER STEIN is a British economist. He has also been a foreign editor for the *Berliner Tageblatt* and has spent a great many years in the Far East.

ROBERT BERNAYS, a graduate of Oxford and former President of the Oxford Union, is a Member of Parliament from a Bristol constituency. Formerly a foreign correspondent, he has specialized in foreign, particularly Indian, affairs in Parliament. Mr. Bernays describes himself as a "Baldwinian radical."

EDWARD E. LOOMIS has had years of experience in railroading and coal mining. Formerly a director and senior vice president of the Lackawanna, he has, since 1917, been President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

RALPH M. PEARSON is one of the most forceful and outspoken of the newer generation of art critics. At present he teaches at the New School for Social Research, in New York City.

BOSHI SEN is a British Indian scientist whose reports for the Royal Society on his work with single plant cells have received universal acclaim from biologists. He is a native of Bengal and works in his own laboratory at Calcutta.

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